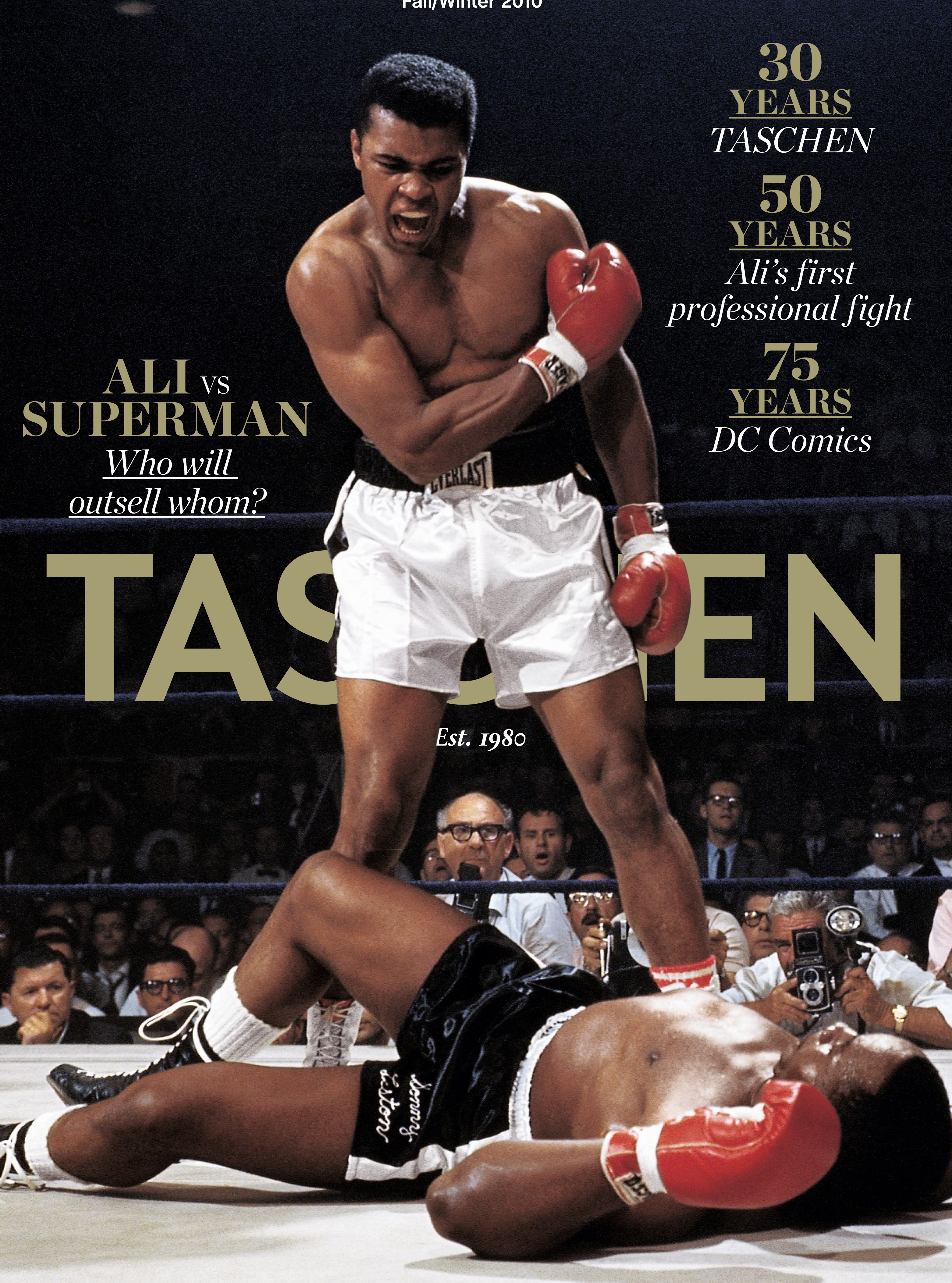
Fall/Winter 2010



30 YEARS

Est. 1980

1. Sean Combs, Muhammad Ali and Will Smith at *GOAT* launch in Miami, 2003.
2. Rem Koolhaas at TASCHEN, Cologne, 2001.
3. Richard Meier and Natacha Merritt at *Digital Diaries* launch in NYC, 1999.
4. Willy DeVille at TASCHEN booth / Frankfurt Book Fair, 1999.
5. Eric Kroll at American Book Expo, 1996.
6. Albert Oehlen at the Chemosphere House, Hollywood, 1999.
7. Jeff Koons at the Chemosphere House, Hollywood, 2001.
8. Wladimir and Vitali Klitschko with Benedikt Taschen, 2003. Photo © Howard Bingham
9. Nobuyoshi Araki, Venice, 2002.
10. Wolfgang Tillmans at TASCHEN Cologne, 1996.
11. Karl Lagerfeld at TASCHEN, Cologne, 1990.

Right: The *GOAT* team with Muhammad Ali, presenting the original edition at the Frankfurt Book Fair in 2003.









Ali vs Superman

From early childhood, Muhammad Ali was my hero. Like many others of my generation, I remember watching the first live broadcasts of his fights with my family, which for us in Germany was in the middle of the night. When I was 16 years old, I read his autobiography *The Greatest: My Own Story*, and 20 years later I saw Ali at the 1996 Olympic Games and watched Leon Gast's award-winning documentary *When We Were Kings*. It was then that I began to understand why I was so fascinated by him: the man was cool and charismatic, dressed immaculately, had a great sense of humor and a phenomenal *joie de vivre*...and more than anything else, he stood up for his beliefs and did exactly what he wanted—and he was right. And despite his illness later in life, he didn't give up, and with the Olympic torch in his hand, he conquered the heart of everyone.
In 1992 I had a revelation: we planned to publish a catalogue raisonné of Dalí's paintings. As always, we produced a mock-up of the book for the trade. At that time we still used stickers to apply the title of the book to the slipcase. It being summer, and the temperature rising, the "D" happened to drop off suddenly, leaving the title to read "ALI". Then Ali was still in his fifties, but in the collective memory of the world he was a living legend, and most of his entourage were still around. So I spoke to Ali's manager, Bernie Yuman. He was familiar with our publishing house and with the model for the Ali book that I had in mind: the legendary *SUMO* by Helmut Newton. Bernie visualized the scale of the project at once: a book unlike any other, a book to be remembered for generations to come, one that would chronicle a man whose prominence would be felt as strongly far in the future as it is today. So I sent a copy of *SUMO* with a letter to Ali. It didn't take long until a desperate Bernie—usually never short of words—called me: "I was just on the phone with The Champ, who received your Newton book, and he wondered why you sent him, a Muslim, a book full of naked women? How do we get out of this? What shall I say?" I told him to explain that all the girls in the book were very poor and had no money to buy clothes. Five minutes later a relieved Bernie was on the phone again—Ali laughed, was happy to collaborate, and understood that this book could become an important part of his heritage. Four years later we looked at what felt like a million photographs of Ali in archives all over the world, visited and talked to dozens of photographers, journalists, writers, ex-opponents, managers, lawyers. All in all, it was an amazing experience, the result of which was described by *Spiegel* magazine as "the most megalomaniacal book in the history of civilization, the biggest, heaviest, most radiant thing ever printed." Today, seven years after the publication of *GOAT*, we are proud to publish this affordable edition at last so that Ali's genius can be shared with the widest possible audience. Smaller in size but not in impact, this new version of *GOAT* brings the people's champ to the people.

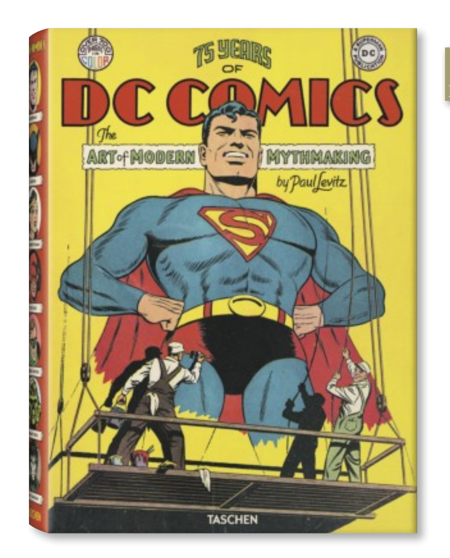
This year TASCHEN turns 30. That another childhood hero of mine, Superman, and his mythical publishing house, DC Comics, are celebrating their 75th birthday with a giant TASCHEN-book is a fortunate coincidence and a fitting reminder of my roots as a comic-book dealer. No matter who outsells whom, Ali or Superman, we are in for an amazing race!

Peace,

Benedikt Taschen, October 2010

Four-color fantasy

Super heroes from the Atom to Zatara: 75 years of DC Comics





75 Years of DC Comics: The Art of Modern Mythmaking
Paul Levitz
Hardcover, 5 fold-outs, format: 29 x 39.5 cm (11.4 x 15.6 in.), 720 pp.
€ 150 / $ 200 / £ 135

"TASCHEN has found stuff under rocks, and we didn't even know where the rock was, much less what was under it … there'll be things that no matter who you are, you won't have seen before."

—Paul Levitz to *PREVIEWS Comic Catalog*, New York



Paul Levitz, DC Comics office, 2010
Photo © Kareem Black/Courtesy TASCHEN

Opposite: *Batman* No. 10. Cover art, Fred Ray and Jerry Robinson, April–May 1942

All illustrations on pp. 2-9:



In 1935, DC Comics founder Major Malcolm Wheeler-Nicholson published *New Fun* No. 1, the first comic book with all-new, original material—at a time when comic books were mere repositories for the castoffs of the newspaper strips. What was initially considered to be disposable media for children was well on its way to becoming the mythology of our time—the 20th century's answer to Atlas or Zorro. More than 40,000 comic books later, in honor of the publisher's 75th anniversary, TASCHEN has produced the single most comprehensive book on DC Comics, in an XL edition even Superman might have trouble lifting. More than 2,000 images—covers and interiors, original illustrations, photographs, film stills, and collectibles—are reproduced using the latest technology to bring the story lines, the characters, and their creators to vibrant life as they've never been seen before. Telling the tales behind the tomes is 38-year DC veteran Paul Levitz, whose in-depth essays trace the company's history, from its pulp origins through to the future of digital publishing.

Year-by-year timelines that fold out to nearly four feet and biographies of the legends who built DC make this an invaluable reference for any comic book fan.


No. 10
APRIL
MAY
A SUPERMAN DC PUBLICATION
IND
BATMAN
10¢
I'M GONNA--
TRY IT. WORTH EFFORT.
KEEN-EDGE
ROBIN'S
BACK---
MIND IF I PLANT THIS ON
A BAD PUN
RIGHT HE
BATMAN!
E MOVE.
THIS

The Golden Age of comics

It all started with Superman

"The history of DC Comics is one of the world's most colorful stories —and no one can tell it better than the brilliant Paul Levitz."

—Stan Lee



Above: The original *Superman* creative team, Jerry Siegel and Joe Shuster, 1941

The 1930s were a dark decade in America, between the overwhelming weight of the Depression and the gathering clouds of war abroad. Only President Franklin D. Roosevelt's warm voice coming through the radio offered hope, and people were ready for a new kind of hero . . . they simply didn't know where he'd come from. Certainly no one expected much from the early comic books beyond a smile and a few minutes of entertainment, mostly from characters reminiscent of the newspaper strips. [. . .] History fails us here, for success has so many fathers. Many people have claimed a role godfathering Superman's birth in that first publication [. . . but] there's no dispute that [Jerry Siegel and Joe Shuster's] first story was bought to fill that hole in *Action Comics* for a legendary $130 (the then-high page rate of $10 for the 13-page tale) contract signed by Jack Liebowitz, who himself claimed to have picked out the since-classic image for the cover, the now-iconic man lifting a car that became part of our visual language as a symbol of physical strength. [. . .] Indisputably, the cultural ramifications were phenomenal: *Action Comics* No. 1 sold out and went through multiple printings, and an icon was born, leaping over tall buildings and changing the face of American comics forever. The Golden Age had begun.

Superman mixed fundamental wish-fulfillment themes together in a new way: the aspiration that if only Lois would look beyond the glasses and see that Clark was really a Superman touched the inner milquetoast, and Superman's physical abilities to act out solutions ordinary mortals could only fantasize about was an enduring meme. Add in a touch of Moses in the bulrushes reset as a child rocketed from a doomed planet (named Krypton by Siegel in a nod to its fellow noble gas, helium, where Edgar Rice Burroughs's John Carter had discovered his greater-than-normal strength from the lesser gravity of Mars), and a bullet-proof skin that would have saved Siegel's father, and the hero was born.

Superman's success was so great that Siegel and Shuster got one of their wishes almost immediately: On January 12, 1939, "Superman" debuted as a daily newspaper strip, with a Sunday strip added later that year. This more than doubled the amount of Superman material being created, and vastly extended the audience the character could reach. The phenomenon continued, with a special World's Fair one-shot comic issued in April starring Superman and other DC heroes, sold only at the New York fairgrounds at the unprecedented price of 25 cents. And in May, the first four stories from *Action* were collected into *Superman* No. 1, the first solo title for a comic book character. When that comic started running new material with the second quarterly issue, the demand for art was so great that it was clear Shuster would need a substantial Superman art studio team. The model for increasing production came from a mixture of the newspaper comics tradition of assistants "ghosting" material signed by the strips' creators, and the factory system that Lloyd Jacquet and others had used to supply the early comics publishers, with salaried artists.



Right: *All-Star Comics* No. 37. Cover art, Irwin Hasen, October–November 1947

Opposite: *Superman* No. 63. Cover art, Al Plastino, March–April 1950


52 BIG PAGES
SUPERMAN DC NATIONAL COMICS
SUPERMAN DC NATIONAL COMICS
10¢
SUPERMAN
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
No. 63
MAR.-APR.
GIRLS! GIRLS! GIRLS!
HOW DANGEROUS IS YOUR JOB?
IF YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL AND BRAVE, YOU MAY BE CHOSEN
"Miss Metropolis of 1950"
MARCH OF DIMES
FIGHT INFANTILE PARALYSIS
JANUARY 16-31



"I do nothing that a man of unlimited funds, superb physical endurance, and maximum scientific knowledge could not do."
—**Batman**

Same Bat-time, Same Bat-channel

Super-hero superstar

> **"Superman and Batman were the yin and yang of the comics. Together they covered the range of psychological appeals and established DC as the premier comics publisher."**
> —Jerry Robinson, Golden Age comics artist



If DC wasn't ready for the real world, the real world was ready for DC.

On January 12, 1966, *Batman* hit the airwaves. At the time, most American television was limited to three broadcast networks, and virtually all new series debuted in the fall. But ABC, with the weakest set of affiliate stations (and so, in that pre-cable/satellite era, the smallest potential audience), decided to try a new approach and begin a group of programs labeled as "The Second Season." Reportedly conceived by producer Bill Dozier while watching a screening of the 1940s *Batman* movie serials at a party thrown by Hugh Hefner, the show was an ideal camp treatment of the Caped Crusader, with Adam West playing the hero with a perfectly grave voice even in the middle of the most improbable action. In a rare and serendipitous moment, a new issue of *Batman* featuring the Riddler hit newsstands just as Frank Gorshin's hysterical chuckle stopped audiences in their tracks. The first episode aired a day later, concluding with a "Same Bat-time, same Bat-channel" cliffhanger that catapulted the show to the top 10. The comic blew off the newsstand like nothing DC had seen in decades.

After almost three decades as a mainstay of comic books, Batman was suddenly a fad. It was a time when America moved from one phenomenon to another with a cultural speed and passion greater than ever, as mass media and mass advertising achieved essentially universal penetration . . . but most families only had a choice of three television channels, focusing attention in a much more concentrated fashion than is possible now in the 21st century.

DC's sister company, Licensing Corporation of America, originally formed to expand Superman's merchandise program, began handling outside properties, including James Bond during that craze a few years before, and was well set up to ensure that all things Bat-themed, from costumes to lunch boxes, reached stores quickly. The print runs on the comics ratcheted up, month after month, until the magic number of a million copies of an issue sold, and Batman appeared on the cover of every DC title where it was remotely plausible. He pushed other co-stars out of *The Brave and the Bold*, and even popped up in *Jerry Lewis* within months. A "Batman" newspaper strip launched in 1966 for an eight-year run, just as the longstanding Superman strip was fading away.

> **"The comic blew off the newsstand like nothing DC had seen in decades."**

The *Batman* show itself was deceptively simple, with West, Burt Ward as Robin, and an array of spectacular guest villains stylistically triumphing over tight budgets, short shooting schedules, and formulaic plots on pure energy, and capturing the zeitgeist. America needed an outrageous laugh, and turning the melodrama of pulp drama on its head safely made fun of authority in an uneasy time. With the twice-a-week schedule, the fad ran hot and fast . . . and 20th Century Fox capitalized on it by quickly producing a film version while the show was on hiatus between seasons, to release in October 1966.







Opposite: Adam West on the set of *Batman*, Season 1, 1966. Photo © Yale Joel/Time & Life Pictures/Getty Images

Above left: *Wonder Woman Hula*, unpublished illustration, H. G. Peter, 1940s

Above: *Strange Adventures* No. 25. Cover art, Gil Kane and Joe Giella, October 1952

Far left: *Flash Comics* No.30. Cover art, E.E. Hibbard, June 1942

Left: *Police Comics* No.28. Cover art, Jack Cole, March 1944



The most secret superpower

Keeping the myth alive

> “Superman is our version of Greek myth . . . an inspiration to ordinary people.”
>
> —Gloria Steinem





If there is an ultimate superpower of the DC heroes, it’s surely their ability to transcend the limits of time. American popular culture circa 1938–1939 has long been consigned to the dustbins of history, or, at best, nostalgia. For every *Wizard of Oz* that still has the ability to capture our national attention for a few hours a year, there’s a deep pile of Andy Hardy movies, Doc Savage pulps, and novels like *How Green Was My Valley* that only aficionados look at with more than scholarly interest . . . and that doesn’t even consider the then immensely popular programs on radio, which disappeared when that medium shifted from drama and comedy to music and talk.

Besides the intrinsic creativity of their concepts, two factors make this power work: first, the great heroes in the DC pantheon were somehow successful at the hands of generations of storytellers, each of whom brought a fresh approach to their tales (imagine, for a moment, Bob Kane passing the baton to Dick Sprang, who passes it to Carmine Infantino, and then in turn to Neal Adams, Frank Miller, and Jim Lee . . . and so many are omitted from that list); and, second, these characters worked in a variety of media (consider Superman moving from comics to newspaper strips to radio to television to film . . . and more examples have been left out than included). A long scholarly debate is possible about why these are characteristic of the super heroes, but it’s inarguable that their endurance is very close to unique.

And about to be tested, yet again.

With a generation growing up that prefers to get much of its entertainment from screens rather than pages, it’s clear that the next challenge for comics will be moving to digital presentation. Individual creators have developed Web comics for years, and attract more and more viewers. Generating revenue has been more challenging, but Web comics have benefited from ancillary merchandise, or even print collections, and some have prospered.

As first steps into this new world, DC began experimental projects. [. . .]The most visible experiment was Zuda.com. Developed as a way to work with the new talent emerging in the passionate world of Web comics and to experiment and see what the Web audience enjoyed, Zuda was a step in learning to create for online, but the more immediate opportunity was making portions of DC’s vast library and current production available to readers through digital delivery. As smart phones and tablets proliferated with custom apps, the possibilities grew quickly, and as this book went to press, DC announced its first steps toward connecting with its audience in this new era . . . and its first plan to share revenues from those sales with the talent who create the comics.

> “Superman don’t need no seat belt.”
> “Superman didn’t need no airplane neither.”
>
> —Muhammad Ali in conversation with an unidentified stewardess

It’s certainly possible that print and digital comics will coexist happily, each finding different (or overlapping) audiences, and potentially telling stories different ways. Vast amounts of manga are delivered digitally in Japan to cellphones rather than as print magazines or books, but the print business continues to thrive as well and remains the medium in which most manga are originally created. Digital creation may also change the kinds of stories that comics tell, allowing interactive dimensions undreamed of in the more passive print editions. The shift may also change the mix of stories that people want to see in comics form, as the new rhythms of digital delivery will inevitably affect how the tales are told (instead of a weekly trip to get a print installment, perhaps a daily download of a shorter scene). But it’s also possible that this transition will test the heroes’ endurance beyond any before. There’s no guarantee that they’ll survive this crisis.

Yet the need for myth and folklore and story remain powerful in our modern society, no matter how complex our scientific understanding of the universe becomes. For 75 years, DC has found the way to bring together the incredible characters who can make modern mythology an art that attracts mass audiences . . . sit back by the fire in your high-tech cave and watch the next decades of tales unfold. The storytellers are ready for you!

Paul Levitz has worked as editor/publisher of *The Comic Reader*, editor of the Batman titles and others, writer of more than 300 stories, and a DC Comics executive, finishing his 38-year stint with the company as President and Publisher.

Opposite: *Kingdom Come* No. 2. Interior, Alex Ross, 1996

Above left: *Blackest Night: Tales of the Corps* No. 1. Cover art, Dave Gibbons, September 2009

Above right: *Wonder Woman* No. 189. Cover art, Mike Sekowsky and Dick Giordano, July–August 1970

Below: *Superman vs. Muhammad Ali*. Cover art, Joe Kubert (layout) and Neal Adams, 1978

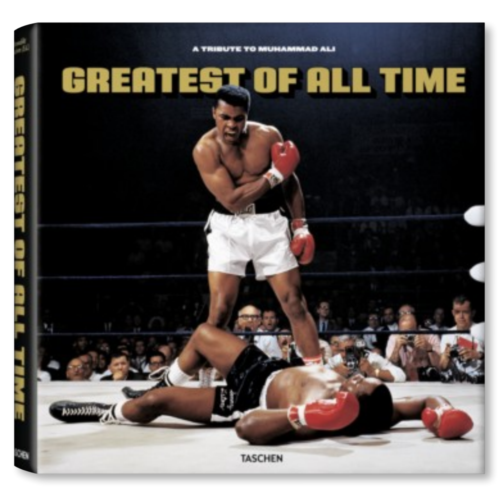


The Champ is back!

Heavyweight champion—lightweight edition (slimmed-down from 50 to 15 pounds)!



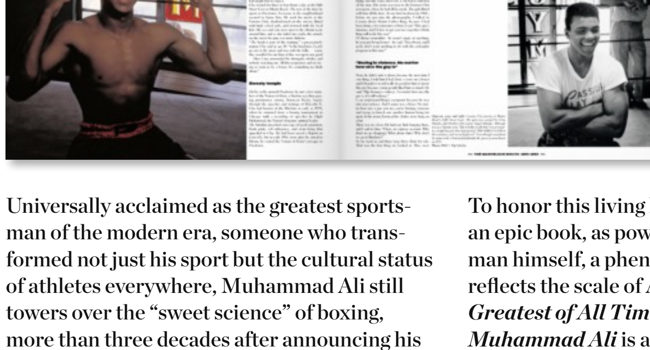
Muhammad Ali visiting Benedikt Taschen at the TASCHEN offices on Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California, 2003.
Photo © Howard L. Bingham



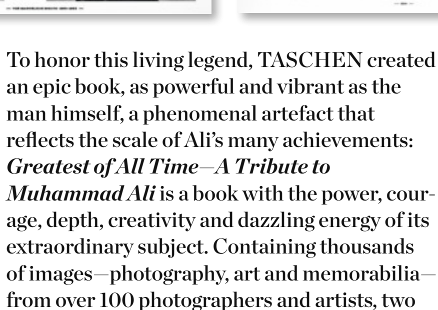
Greatest Of All Time
A Tribute to Muhammad Ali
Benedikt Taschen
Hardcover, format: 33 x 33 cm (13 x 13 in.), 652 pp., 2 gatefolds
only € 99.99 / $ 150 / £ 99.99

> "A monument on paper, the most megalomaniacal book in the history of civilization, the biggest, heaviest, most radiant thing ever printed—Ali's last victory."
>
> —*Der Spiegel*, Hamburg, on the original edition of *GOAT*





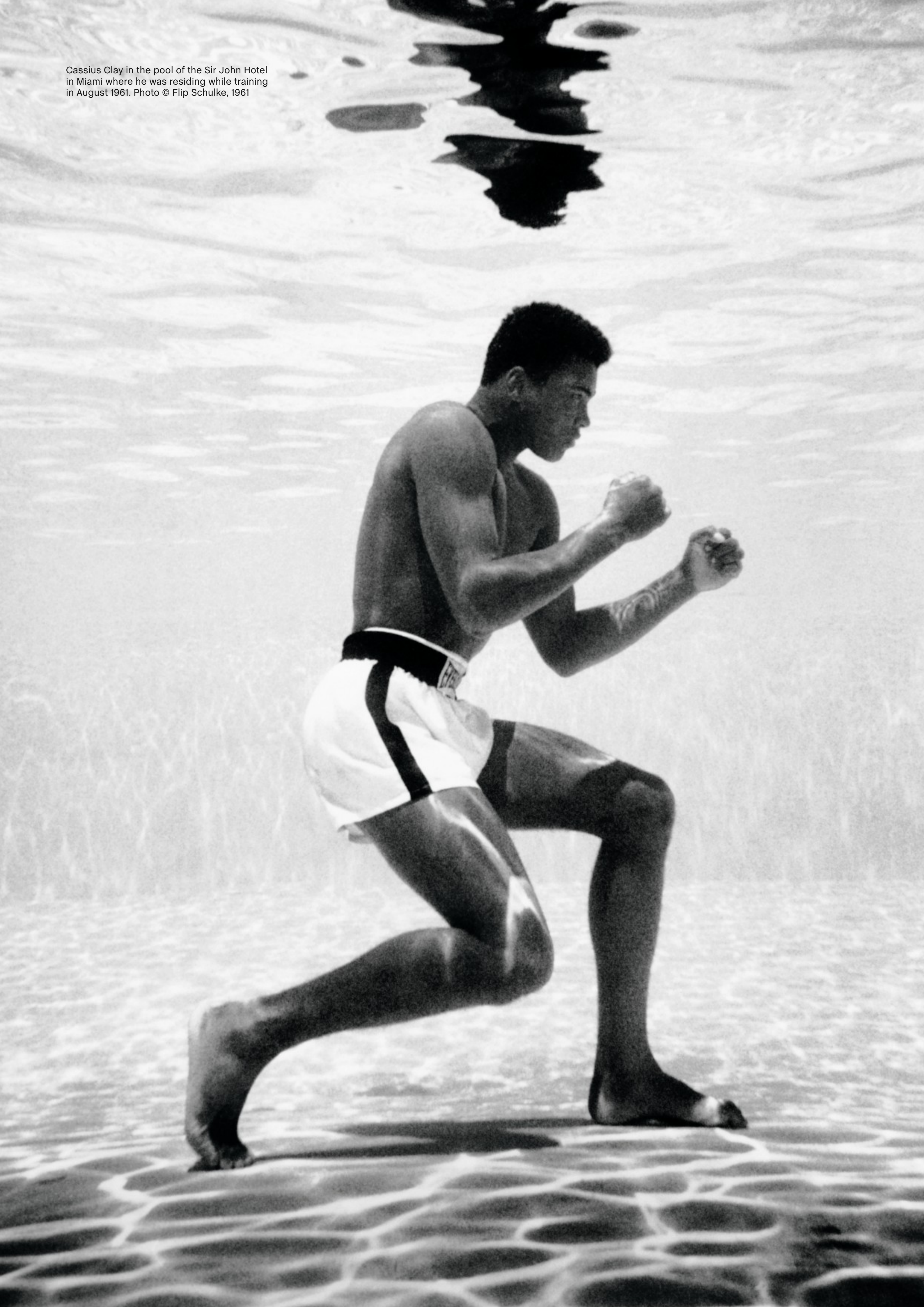




Universally acclaimed as the greatest sportsman of the modern era, someone who transformed not just his sport but the cultural status of athletes everywhere, Muhammad Ali still towers over the "sweet science" of boxing, more than three decades after announcing his retirement. Acknowledged as one of the most remarkable personalities of our time and undoubtedly the most popular sporting personality ever, his status as the finest heavyweight champion to grace a ring is beyond all doubt.

To honor this living legend, TASCHEN created an epic book, as powerful and vibrant as the man himself, a phenomenal artefact that reflects the scale of Ali's many achievements: ***Greatest of All Time—A Tribute to Muhammad Ali*** is a book with the power, courage, depth, creativity and dazzling energy of its extraordinary subject. Containing thousands of images—photography, art and memorabilia—from over 100 photographers and artists, two gatefold sequences, original essays as well as the best interviews and writing of the last five decades to round off the picture of the Champ, this monumental publication is finally available in an affordable, unlimited edition.

Today, seven years after the publication of *GOAT*, we are proud to publish this affordable edition at last so that Ali's genius can be shared with the widest possible audience. Smaller in size but not in impact, this new version brings the people's champ to the people.

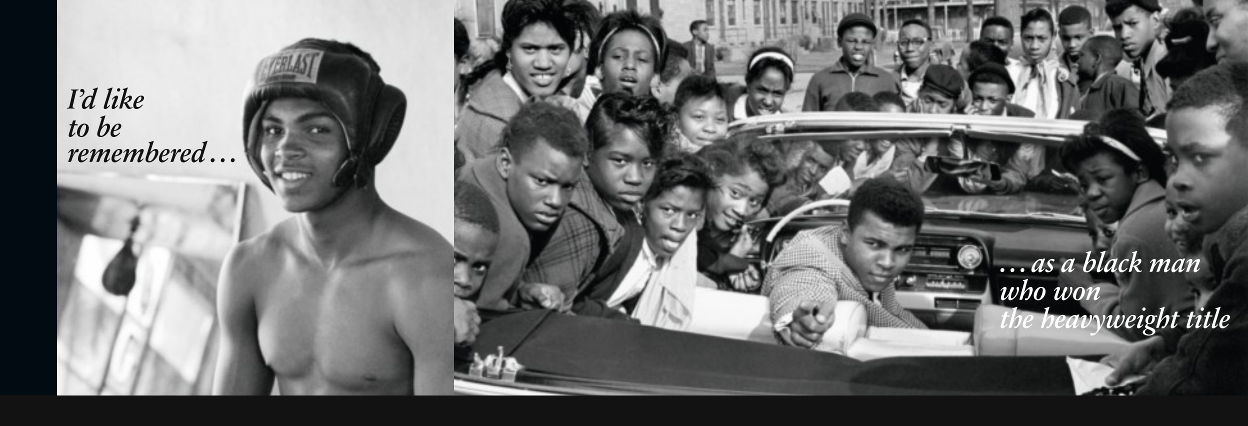


Cassius Clay in the pool of the Sir John Hotel in Miami where he was residing while training in August 1961. Photo © Flip Schulke, 1961


The undisputed heavyweight champion of books, at a knockout price



Ali watching a playback of the action during a post-fight interview with sports commentator Steve Ellis, after his dramatic knockout of Sonny Liston in their May 25, 1965 title rematch.
Photo © Neil Leifer, 1965



I'd like to be remembered…

… as a black man who won the heavyweight title

Rumble in an urban jungle

By Gregory Allen Howard

October 30, 1974
A night that will play out in my mind forever. No, I was not in Zaire. There may have been tens of thousands of fans watching the fight in Kinshasa, but 99 % of the audience watched Muhammad Ali vs George Foreman – the *Rumble in the Jungle* – on screens in cinemas and auditoriums. Millions of words have been written about events, small and large, surrounding Ali's fights. But the world was not present for that backstage drama. We saw Ali on screen, on *giant screens*. Our drama was the drama of that moment, in those darkened arenas and auditoriums and bars. We were there with Ali in spirit, but our bodies were elsewhere.
I was in Queens, New York, staying with my aunt. (Okay, I was young.) Like a lot of boys of my generation, we were a little too young to have experienced the full Ali. Too young to have seen Clay vs Liston I or II, or Williams, or Terrell, to have gone through the exile years, to have really grasped Ali vs Frazier. No, for me, the first real blush of comprehension of the spectacle of an Ali fight was the *Rumble in the Jungle*.
Like millions of black boys, I loved Ali. His mouth, his brashness, his racial pride gave me courage, made me strong. As baseball legend Reggie Jackson once said, the impact was overwhelming: the most famous man in the world was beautiful, articulate, proud – and *black*.
Much as I loved him, I and millions of others like me thought Ali was going to die in this fight against George Foreman. (*What will I do if he loses? If he gets hurt? Gets crippled?*) Ali had already lost to Joe Frazier in 1971 in the Garden. But Ken Norton? Ali had lost to a nobody called Ken Norton? He had gotten his jaw broken by Ken Norton? Who was Ken Norton? Ali was no kid by then. He was 32. He was trying to come back and he didn't have it. I figured he needed the money, that's why he kept fighting. I couldn't hate him for that, but I just didn't want to see him get hurt bad. I also figured, in my young, simple mind: hey, there's no one out there who will really hurt him. He'll make some money for himself and get on with his life. You know, retire. Leave us with vague memories of what he once was.
There was only one problem with my little scenario for Ali's life. George Foreman.
I'd seen this behemoth George Foreman on TV. He was taller, bigger, and more muscular than Ali. Hell, he was scary. The TV commentators kept showing clips of two fights over and over: Foreman hitting Frazier so hard, he lifts him off the canvas. And Foreman *destroying* Ken Norton. And now Ali, my hero, was going to face this monster.
I was scared for him. It was as if I were going to be in that ring myself, getting my brains beaten out. There was no talk of Ali winning, not from *anybody*; not even his fans:
"Hope he don't get hurt too bad."
"Last fight for him."
Or: "He'll be alright … well, he won't *die*."
Some white men weighed in with "That draft dodger's gonna get shit beat outa him. Foreman's gonna kill Allie (that's the way they said his name sometimes). I'll give 4–1 Clay gets knocked out."
Knocked out? It was going to be hard enough seeing Ali lose, but knocked out? Wild visions circled in my head of Ali being carried out on a stretcher.
As fight night approached, I became tense and anxious. My aunt couldn't understand, but my cousin did. He was older. He had grown up with Ali. He was even more worked up than I was. He explained to me there'd almost never been a heavyweight championship fight with 4–1 odds. Then he saw me panic and tried to calm me down. "But those are just street odds." (I was relieved?) Then: "The Vegas book is 3–1." (Oh, that's okay then, I guess?)
Come the day of the fight, decisions had to be made. Would I bet? Would I get my cousin to take me to see the fight at Madison Square Garden? I had $ 35 to my name. Tickets cost $ 25. My cousin wouldn't go, said he couldn't stand to see Ali lose or worse, get knocked out. What was I going to do? After taking incessant teasing from a local white guy, I put down a bet: eight bucks at 3–1 odds (some sanity had prevailed in the street odds by fight night). I had just enough left for fare into the city and the price of the ticket. Once I'd paid for the ticket and paid off the bet, I'd be broke, but I was going. I felt inside I *had* to go.
The E-Train was packed going to the Garden. It was full of men of color, full of dread. There was no buzz or pre-fight chatter. There was a pall over the car. The looks they gave each other across that train: guilt, sadness, worry. And, when the looks got too intense, these black and Puerto Rican men would look down at the floor, ashamed they had revealed so much of themselves, ashamed at their lack of faith. Like me, they felt they were going to a funeral. Their despair made me worry even more. If they were older and wiser

> "Much as I loved him, I and millions others like me thought that Ali was going to die in this fight."

and this is how *they* felt, then it must really be bad. Ali is going to die tonight and they know it.
I had never been to the Garden before. My heart was pounding when I entered the arena on a high floor. As I walked in, I was met by a sea of colored humanity: black men, brown men, yellow men; Africans, Puerto Ricans, Black Americans, South Americans, Central Americans, East Indians, West Indians, American Indians, Haitians, Jamaicans a-plenty. A Tower of Babel of color. The din of languages blotted out any sound from the PA system. I couldn't hear anything except the noise of voices in the arena. Spanish, Spanglish, black slang, Chinese, French, Creole, patois and other languages I'd never heard or heard of. 20,000 people! The Third World was *representin'*.
I stumbled to my seat on the end, about two thirds of the way up. I tried to take it all in. It was


As a man who never looked down on those who looked up to him

… and who helped as many of his people as he could — financially



… and who was humorous

… and who treated everyone right.

overwhelming. Down on the floor, in the center, were four screens connected in a box shape. Surrounding the screens and closest to them were the people in the $ 100 seats. White men, maybe two or three thousand of them. A little dollop of white engulfed by an ocean of color. Custer and the Indians I thought. They better hope Ali doesn't get hurt too bad.

Suddenly, I get an elbow in my side. The Puerto Rican next to me offers me a swig of some of kind of liquor. He has to be drunk already to offer it to me. I decline for obvious reasons. But I look down the row of men; they're all getting drunk and smoking grass. Obsessively. In a hurry. And they aren't getting high in a jovial, party way. There is something manic about it. Then it dawns on me. They're trying to get wasted quickly before the fight starts, trying to insulate themselves from the pain they're anticipating when they see Ali go down. Hurry up. Drink fast. Hit this joint. Quick. These men are not partying at all. They have the look of soldiers on a plane about to parachute out.

Something else I realized that night. We were *one*. All of us in that arena. I didn't know any of those men in that row, or in front of me, or anywhere. But, as soon as you looked at them, there was a nod as if to say, *Hey, brother, I'm here with you. We're gonna hurt tonight, but I'll be here with you.*

The lights dimmed. The din became deafening. I guess there was sound coming from the PA system, but I never heard a word from the speakers that night. No ringside commentary could be heard. No bell. Nothing. Just that Garden din at 80 decibels; white noise. (No, *colored* noise.)

Ali enters the arena in Kinshasa. The din goes up to 90 and stays there. The men in my row see him. We cheer, but the cheer is hollow. Ali moves to the ring and starts dancing. I am almost overcome with emotion. *Don't get hurt, man.* I look down the row. Tears are welling up in men's eyes. More fast drinking and smoking.

I look around some more. Everywhere I see the same thing: grown men, tough men, *crying*. Not sobbing, but with tears running down brown and black faces. They wipe them away furtively, but the tears still rain down.

Several minutes later, Foreman jogs in. As he ducks into the ring, it shrinks. I mean, that ring looks the size of a child's playpen, only with *men* in it. Ali senses everyone's fear. He turns and starts working the crowd.

The combatants move to center ring. They face each other while the ref instructs them. Again, I can't hear any of what is said because of the din. Ali is *talking* to Foreman, who stands there like The Mummy Ali described him as. From Ali's expression and head-wagging, I think Ali is *talkin' shit*! Don't do that, Champ; you'll only make Foreman angry.

> **"Don't get hurt, man. I look down in the row. Tears are welling up in men's eyes. More fast drinking and smoking."**

The Bell. The *silent* Bell. They meet in the center. Ali is the aggressor. He smacks Foreman on the head with a right. Foreman is unfazed. Ali cannot hurt this man.

Suddenly Ali goes on the ropes.

This is nuts. Foreman follows him and starts pounding the hell out of him. Big thunderous body shots. Men in the crowd are covering their eyes. They're thinking: it might end right here. But a weird thing happens, right at the end of the round, Ali comes off the ropes and tags Foreman with a combination. We leap to our feet. We look at each other. No, it was just a combo. He hasn't hurt the ox. Ali has survived the round.

We breathe a sigh of relief.

Second round. A replay. Ali on the ropes. Foreman pounding. This time Foreman gets through with a shot and Ali is dazed, but still on his feet. Ali is now talking shit again. I implore Ali to shut up. He's just going to make him madder. BOOM! BOOM! Big hard shots to Ali's body. Then, at the end, Ali flicks a combo again. A cheer ripples through the crowd. Still no damage to Foreman.

Third round. Another replay. Ali on the ropes. But Foreman is slowing down. He is still throwing bombs, but slower. Ali flicks back. By the fifth, all 20,000 of us are on our feet, not because we think victory is imminent, but because Ali is still in this fight. Foreman is really slowing down. Ali is covering up and it looks like Foreman is hurting him. Ali shakes his head to let everyone know he isn't hurt. A glimmer of hope springs up among us. We look at each other.

Is it possible? Maybe? By the eighth, the din is at a 100 decibels. We sense something. Foreman is tired. He throws a sluggish punch, misses and ends up entangled in the ropes. Ali looks fresh. Ali peppers him with combos. Little flicking punches. Cheers roar out around the Garden. We're stomping on our feet, our hearts in our throats.

Ali is *tagging* that big bastard.

Ali cracks him with a hard right.

Foreman folds over.

Foreman spins to the mat.

Foreman is counted out!

Pandemonium in the Garden. Everyone hugging everyone. Everyone crying. Strangers hugging and crying. And the chant goes up. 20,000 voices.

Ali, *Ali*, Ali …

The lights come up as if by magic. The doors fly open. More magic. Arm in arm with strangers we pour out.

Ali, *Ali*, Ali, ALI …

Out on 7th Avenue we are met by 10,000 more fans. Fans who were not at the fight. 30,000 crazy people. Climbing on top of cars and cabs. The traffic can't move. Horns are blasting. And the chant goes on.

Ali, *Ali*, Ali, ALI, ALI …

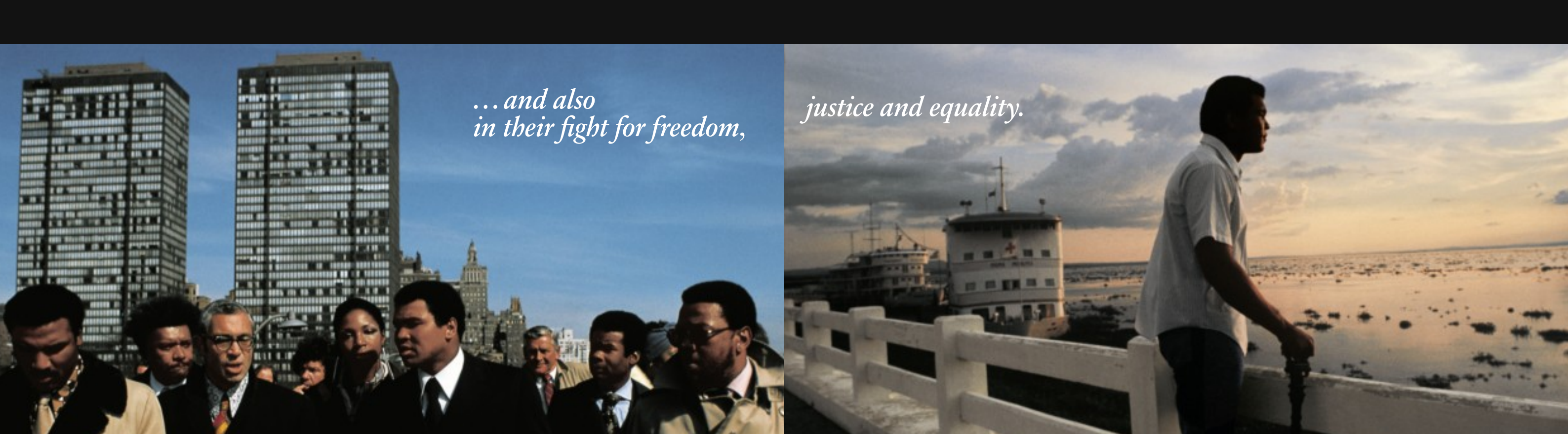
30,000 men marching up 7th Avenue, stopping traffic for 30 blocks around.

ALI! ALI! ALI! ALI! ALI!

It must've lasted for an hour. Hours. I can't remember. I was lost in a fog. But, for me, that night has lasted forever. It was the most exciting and transcendent moment I've ever experienced. I knew that night I could win in *life*. I *knew* it. Sure, I fully expected problems, challenges, difficulties, but I also knew that I could and would overcome every single obstacle in my path. Odds didn't mean *anything*. I knew that night I would *prevail* as a man. As a *black* man.

And now, when doubt or fear crowd my soul, I think of that night, and then I become fearless again. Because Ali, my champion, lit me up that night, put *fire* in my chest.

And baby — I'm *still* burning!

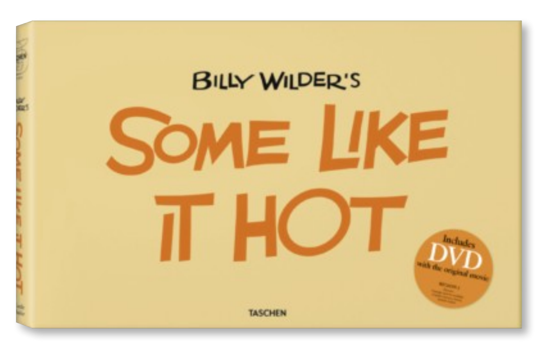


… and also in their fight for freedom,

justice and equality.

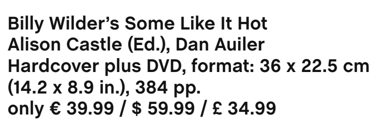
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The complete guide to Billy Wilder's masterpiece





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Alison Castle (Ed.), Dan Auiler
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Billy Wilder with Helmut Newton and Benedikt Taschen at the Chemosphere House, Hollywood, 1999. Photo © June Newton





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Marilyn Monroe on the set of *Some Like It Hot*.
Photo: United Artists (Courtesy of MoMA)

Our Fair Lady

The Tiffany princess in the little black dress



In a flowing ball gown at the
Paramount photo session in 1953.
Photo © Bob Willoughby, 2010

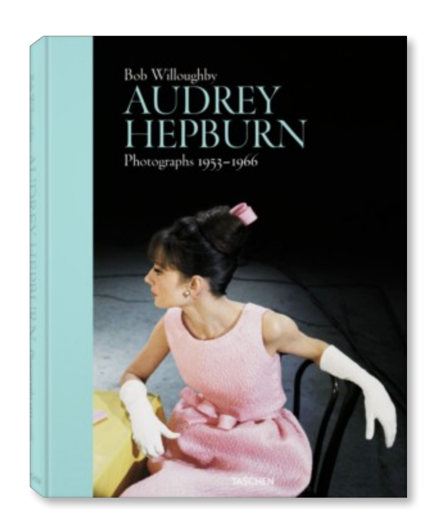




Wearing a beautiful dress designed for her by Givenchy, Audrey reclines on a grandiose bed in *Paris When It Sizzles*.

Ode to Audrey

Bob Willoughby's portraits of the actress that stole the world's heart



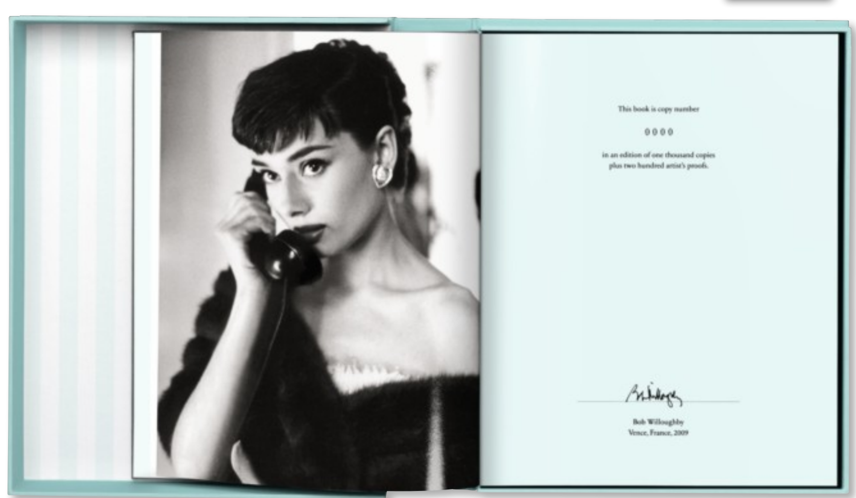
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"People, even more than things, have to be restored, renewed, revived, reclaimed, and redeemed; never throw out anyone."
—Audrey Hepburn





In his distinguished career as a Hollywood studio photographer, Bob Willoughby took iconic photos of Marilyn Monroe, Elizabeth Taylor and Jane Fonda, but remains unequivocal about his favorite subject: Audrey Kathleen Ruston, later Edda van Heemstra Hepburn-Ruston, best known as Audrey Hepburn. Willoughby was called in to shoot the new starlet one morning shortly after she arrived in Hollywood in 1953. It was a humdrum commission for the portraitist often credited with having perfected the photojournalistic movie still, but when he met the Belgian-born beauty, Willoughby was enraptured. "She took my hand like... well a princess, and dazzled me with that smile that God designed to melt mortal men's hearts," he recalls.
As Hepburn's career soared following her Oscar-winning US debut in *Roman Holiday*, Willoughby became a trusted friend, framing her working and home life. His historic, perfectionist, tender photographs seek out the many facets of Hepburn's beauty and elegance, as she progresses from her debut to her career high of *My Fair Lady* in 1963. Willoughby's studies, showing her on set, preparing for a scene, interacting with actors and directors, and returning to her private life, comprise one of photography's great platonic love affairs and an unrivaled record of one of the 20th century's touchstone beauties.



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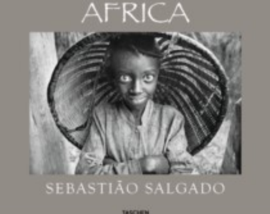
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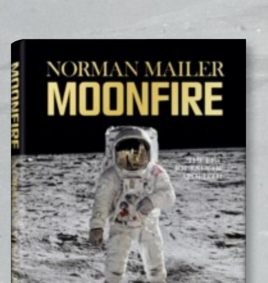
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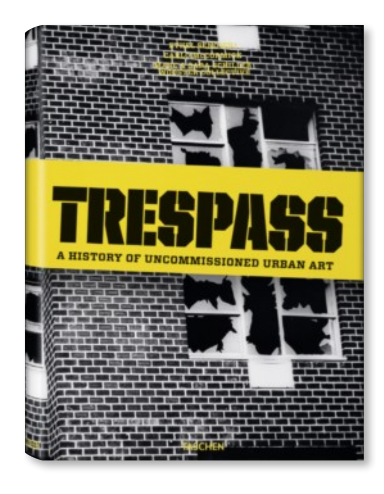
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The last outlaw of visual disciplines

**Graffiti and unsanctioned art—
from local origins to global phenomenon**



Trespass
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Ethel Seno (Ed.), Carlo McCormick,
Marc and Sara Schiller (Wooster Collective)
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"The spray-can gets invited to the gallery."
—*The New York Times*, New York













In recent years street art has grown bolder, more ornate, more sophisticated and—in many cases—more acceptable. Yet unsanctioned public art remains the problem child of cultural expression, the last outlaw of visual disciplines. It has also become a global phenomenon of the 21st century.
Made in collaboration with featured artists, *Trespass* examines the rise and global reach of graffiti and urban art, tracing key figures, events and movements of self-expression in the city's social space, and the history of urban reclamation, protest, and illicit performance. The first book to present the full historical sweep, global reach and technical developments of the street art movement, *Trespass* features key works by 150 artists, and connects four generations of visionary outlaws, including Jean Tinguely, Spencer Tunick, Keith Haring, Os Gemeos, Jenny Holzer, Barry McGee, Gordon Matta-Clark, Shepard Fairey, Blu, Billboard Liberation Front, Guerrilla Girls and Banksy, among others. It also contains dozens of previously unpublished photographs of long-lost works and legendary, ephemeral urban artworks.

Also includes:
- Unpublished images of street art by Keith Haring and Jean-Michel Basquiat
- Unpublished photographs by *Subway Art* luminary Martha Cooper
- Unpublished photos from the personal archives of selected artists
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- Special feature: exclusive preface by Banksy



Paolo Buggiani, *Minotaur*
Brooklyn Bridge, New York City, 1980



City view

By Marc and Sara Schiller

> **"With each piece of free public art, they reclaim a part of the city that has been sold off to advertisers."**
>
> –Marc and Sara Schiller



That first moment you notice a stencil on the pavement, a sticker on the back of a mailbox, or a metal sculpture attached to a street sign, you are suddenly transported into another world—to a vibrant subculture that infiltrates and eradicates the monotony of daily life. Your commute to work, or that short trip to the store, now becomes an adventure as you search for creativity in unexpected places.
The artists featured in this book work freely in the city streets, often anonymously, ignoring what the outside world thinks. They give away their art for free, bucking the pressures of commerce that govern both museums and galleries. Working outdoors, they have just minutes to create a piece or risk the threat of arrest. These magical, ephemeral pieces they leave for us to enjoy may last for minutes or sometimes days, constantly changing with the weather, or altered by a fellow artist, or removed by an angry building owner. Climbing high or going underground into tunnels to place their work, these artists are often motivated by the danger inherent in putting up the piece.
It is the interplay between the urban environment and the artists who see the city as one giant canvas that captivates the imagination. Never before have we seen public art reach such a scale as we now see with the works of Blu, or become so pervasive as we see with Shepard Fairey's, or so copied as that of Banksy, or so delicate as that of Swoon.
Instilled in these artists is the concept that images and ideas are there to be co-opted, manipulated, and then transferred freely around the world. Street artists bemoan the rapid disappearance of public space. The idea that a company can buy the side of a building, the realization that billboards are reproducing like rats, and that publicly funded art is often the result of watered-down compromises, eats away at the street artist's soul. With each piece of free public art, they reclaim a part of the city that has been sold off to advertisers.
Many people are too quick to view street art through the lens of vandalism. They mistakenly believe that the artists are taking beautiful buildings and defacing them. And yet, most street artists work in neglected neighborhoods and place their work on "forgotten" buildings. They look for the rundown building with paint chipping off, with weeds growing out of the sidewalk. Their motivation is to beautify these buildings and to create something truly special. They believe that the art adds something to the city, creating an energy that enhances eroding buildings. If you put a piece of art on a vapid advertisement that is plastered all over town—does the community disagree with your efforts? If you beautify a rotten door, does its inhabitant not applaud you?

> **"They believe that the art adds something to the city, creating an energy that enhances eroding buildings."**

Over the years, technology has played a critical role in the rapid development of unauthorized public art. The affordable digital camera means that every piece can now be documented and shared, encouraging other artists to go higher, bigger, and better. Technology has also allowed these artists to be multifaceted. Gone are the days when you were considered only a photographer or only an illustrator. Today's street artists are sketching and blowing their images up on copy machines; they are photographers by documenting their work, and they are sculptors as they case the city streets to determine what building is appropriate for their piece.
An art movement has never before gone through so many iterations so quickly. The Internet, combined with the digital camera, has allowed artists to see work from around the world overnight. They can react to the pieces, ask questions via email, see comments that admirers or critics are making, and incorporate all of this into the piece they make the next day. Sharing their stories, a strong community has developed that pushes each artist to develop materials that can withstand the weather, to identify locations that will make more impact, and to continue to push forward their ideals.
Overwhelmingly, it is the strong sense of community that characterizes this group of artists. An unwritten code has emerged that binds them together. It can be as simple as offering a bed, couch, or floor to a traveling artist. Or the willingness to work on a group piece. Or perhaps being there in a time of need, offering up a marker or a can of spray paint. As admirers and urban inhabitants, we are brought into this community in a silent, steady manner every time we are surprised by seeing a new piece, and as we daily search for more unauthorized public art. The viewer knows that the city is alive and that the artist cannot live without making this art. Ultimately, it is a shared view of the world and the belief that small acts can make a difference that will be identified with this movement.

Opposite: ZEVS, *Liquidated McDonald's*
Paris, 2005

Left: Roadsworth, *Male*
Baie St. Paul, Quebec, 2007

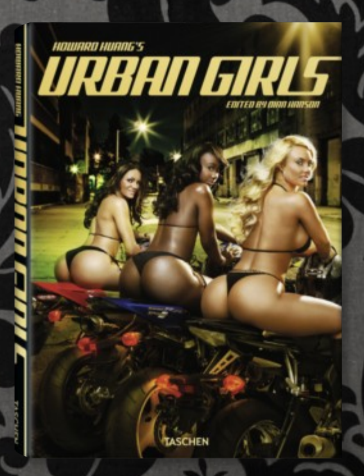
Below: Faile, *Boxers*
Israel–Palestine Wall, Palestine, 2007



Sexy in the city

Howard Huang's anime-inspired glamour girls

"The fantasy I'm selling is like hip-hop music. It is about a lifestyle people want, but they know is not real."
—Howard Huang



Howard Huang's Urban Girls
Dian Hanson (Ed.)
Hardcover, format: 21.2 x 30 cm
(8.3 x 11.8 in.), 256 pp.
€ 29.99 / $ 39.99 / £ 27.99

When photographer Howard Huang began shopping his fashion book around New York in 2002 he had no idea he was about to become the master of urban photography. Back then, Huang, originating from Taiwan, thought "urban girls" were just women who lived in the city, explaining, "English is my second language; I was still learning." Nonetheless, when the editor of *Black Men* magazine asked if he knew how to shoot sexy women he said, "Sure!" and set about staging the magazine's voluptuous singers, models, and actresses in fantasies inspired by his love of comic books and anime. His composite photos feature exotic locales, lush interiors, or the neon-washed nighttime streets of Manhattan. His shapely heroines, including singer Jacki-O, actress Vida Guerra, and reality TV stars Hoopz, Deelishis, and Risky Jones, escape on sleek motorcycles; rob banks with guns drawn and Halliburton cases spilling money; brandish swords like Japanese assassins; conjure fire; hunt big game, and generally kick ass while displaying their own generous posteriors in photos reminiscent of video games. "The trick is to rework an image to enhance my vision, without drawing attention to cheesy Photoshop special effects," says Huang, who studied under advertising photography master Michel Tcherevkoff. The result is a unique marriage of the new pictorialism with classic glamour photography, and a look at the little known niche market of African-American and Latina bikini models, collectively known as "urban girls."



Angel Lola Luv, Aka Lola Monroe
Photo © Howard Huang



Hoopz, Gypsy, and Maliah Michel
Opposite: Esther Baxter
Photos © Howard Huang

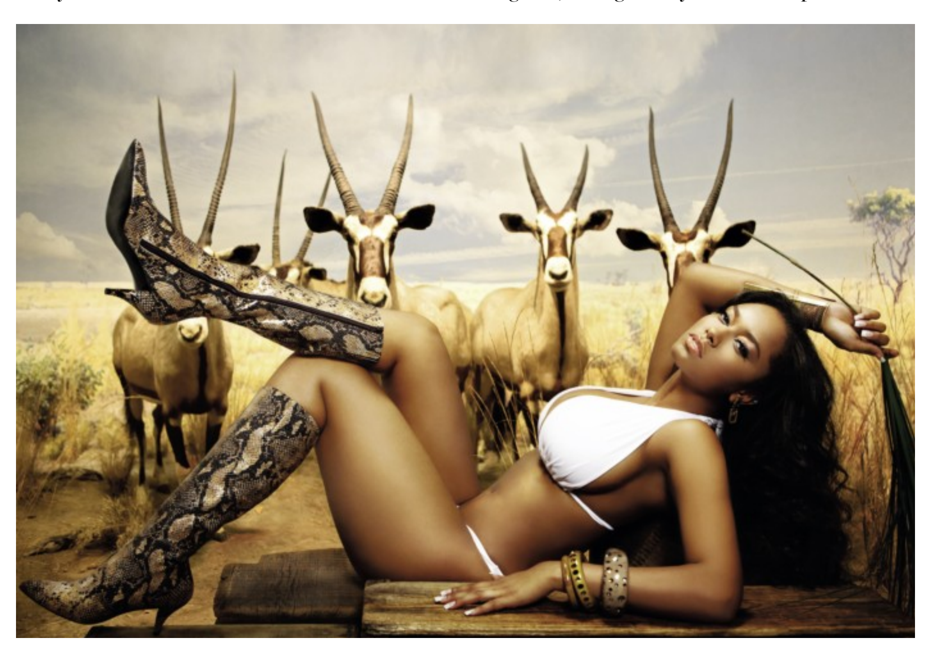
When booty calls

By Dian Hanson

> “I’m notorious for posing for them. I’m really good at it, they have a giggle, and then they pose the way I want.”
> —Howard Huang

The word urban, according to the Oxford English Dictionary, comes from the Latin urbs, for city, and means “pertaining to or characteristic of a city or town.” In modern American parlance, urban means “pertaining to city-identified ethnicities, primarily African American.” Though the euphemism was adopted as a delicate way to racially profile product, it is now used by black and white alike to describe music, fashion, literature, attitude, and yes, a new generation of pin-up girls.

Black Men, launched in 1998, was the first of the urban men’s lifestyle magazines. A loose mix of *GQ*, *Vibe*, and *Playboy*, *Black Men* delivered a suave, upscale fantasy of life in the city with the tagline “For men who appreciate the finer things in life.” Between the hip-hop music reviews and men’s fashion spreads were layouts of bikini-clad women, surprisingly modest for their imagined gritty urban roots, a new sort of girl next door blending multi-racial exoticism with demure old Hollywood glamour. The decision to keep the girls clothed was simple economics: With no nudity the magazine could get into Wal-Mart, the vast chain of Middle American cut-rate superstores. [...]



The success of *Black Men* quickly inspired competitors, first King and Smooth, then XXL, with more music reviews; F.E.D.S., with a rougher street edge; and Show, with more skin. While adhering to the lifestyle template, each successive magazine put a bit more emphasis on the girls, and on fine-tuning a beauty esthetic that accurately reflected the tastes of the new urban man. This meant booty, as butt has long trumped breast in African American culture. But just how much booty? Must a butt be proportionate to the rest of the body, and if not, how disproportionate could a backside be? Since bigger booties are generally attached to bigger women, would a truly thick model be accepted by the projected readership? And not to be ignored, would a model that appealed to urban African Americans alienate the white boys at Wal-Mart? [...]

> “These booty girls aren’t fashion models, but I treat them like they are, and they appreciate it.”

Enter Howard Huang.

Born in Taipei, Taiwan, in 1971, Huang grew up addicted to Japanese anime such as Ghost in the Shell and Megazone 23. When he was 12 his family moved to sunny Honolulu, Hawaii, but Howard remained an indoor guy. “I was in my own world, drawing funny characters inspired by comic books. I was always trying to get away from happy, colorful, sunny Hawaii.”

Huang knew he wanted a career in art, but his practical parents envisioned him as a high-paid lawyer or businessman, and told him the only way he could go to art school was to pay his own tuition. He worked as a tour guide, saving money to attend a real art school on the mainland, while taking courses at Honolulu Community College. His major there was graphic design, but then he took a photography course.

“At first I just wanted to take pictures of girls,” he says, “but my instructor inspired me a lot and I decided I wanted to be a fashion photographer. I was fascinated by the Armani catalogs, photos by Avedon, Irving Penn, and Herb Ritts; all this black and white stuff.”

He was accepted into the photography program at San Francisco’s Academy of Art, where, to generate money for tuition and housing, he approached local fashion agencies and offered to shoot model tests. “When my classmates were taking pictures of fellow classmates [for assignments] I was already using fashion agency girls,” he says. “That’s where I began using my comic book and film inspirations. [...]

“I was in the darkroom a lot, coating my own paper, experimenting with cross processing, selenium, and sepia tones. I made old ’30s, ’40s pin-up girl glamour. We had a lot of equipment to borrow and I took advantage of everything. I bought my first fine art camera then and got into urban architecture. I was sneaking into buildings, taking pictures from different angles.”

During this time Huang met his wife, Jamie, also an art student. “She’s been with me throughout the whole thing,” he laughs.

“The whole thing” began with graduation in 1996, when Huang confidently decamped to New York with his portfolio. “I thought I was really cool and went straight to *Vogue*, then *W* magazine, and *Details*. Of course, nothing, ‘Thank you very much.’”

Huang was undeterred. He’d become fascinated with computers as an adjunct to photography in school, experimenting with composite images and retouching, even generating 3-D images as early as 1993. He found a commercial photographer in New York, Michel Tcherevkoff, seeking an assistant proficient in digital manipulation, and was offered the job immediately.

“I was doing his silhouetting, retouching, and color correction and learning a lot, but he also offered me the opportunity to use his loft studio on the weekends, ’cause he’d go away to his country home. I was doing model tests again, and shooting for a bunch of small fashion magazines, even fixing people’s computers, because New York is expensive, and I had $36,000 in school debt to pay off. But I was also experimenting, and quit Michel after four years because I was so anxious to do my own thing. I shot stock stuff for Getty Images, shot fashion for Urban Latino, my first urban magazine, and finally took a job with a studio producing home furnishing catalogs. It was during this time that I got a call from XXL magazine, asking if I knew how to shoot swimsuit girls. I’d never heard of XXL, but said, ‘Sure!’ – having no idea what they meant.”

He quickly found out. His first urban bikini girl was actually for King, XXL’s sister publication. “Her name was Sara [Stokes], from P. Diddy’s reality show Making the Band. I thought of it as fashion and shot her glamorous, S/M sexy.” It was the right decision to launch his hip-hop career.

Confessions of a connoisseur

Insiders' tips on how the design art market really works



Adam Lindemann's second volume is the follow-up to *Collecting Contemporary*, an unprecedented success, introducing the lay reader to collecting contemporary art, with tell-all interviews with the biggest players in the global art market. The idea for this volume came when he was furnishing his new house. "Art collectors like myself who hung beautiful contemporary paintings on their walls suddenly saw their furniture look sad and tired," Lindemann writes in his introduction, relating how hobby became passion and an overwhelming desire to know everything. Which is how this latest volume manages to give such a perfect introduction to collectible design: it follows the path its author took.
Today's design market has its roots in the late eighteenth century: artists created porcelain pieces in editions that were soon in great demand. From Art Deco to the Wiener Werkstätte, Bauhaus to the Eameses, the French modernists, and a whole bunch of designers many haven't heard of yet, this volume is the best guide to the collectability and overall desirability of design for connoisseurs and amateurs alike.

Collecting Design tells all about an addictive occupation, vintage pieces vs. limited editions, the big names and what to keep an eye on, all from the perspective of a passionate collector meeting market luminaries for in-depth conversations—his fellow **collectors** (Bruno Bischofberger, Michael Boyd, Peter M. Brant, Dennis Freedman, Dakis Joannou, Reed Krakoff, Ronald Lauder), **the dealers** (Anthony DeLorenzo, Suzanne Demisch, Ulrich Fiedler, Barry Friedman, Didier and Clémence Krzentowski, Zesty Meyers and Evan Snyderman, Murray Moss, Patrick Seguin, Alasdhair Willis), select **tastemakers** (Jacques Grange, Marc Jacobs, Karl Lagerfeld, Peter Marino, Robert Rubin, Ian Schrager, Axel Vervoordt), and **auction experts** (Gerti Draxler from Dorotheum, Vienna, Philippe Garner from Christie's, Peter and Shannon Loughrey from LAMA, Los Angeles, Alexander Payne from Phillips de Pury, Richard Wright, James Zemaitis from Sotheby's).

Lindemann writes: "Sitting down for hours with 32 experts, I can now discuss the finer points of Emile-Jacques Ruhlmann versus Eileen Gray, Carlo Mollino versus Gio Ponti, of Marc Newson versus Ron Arad, and so on. I hope you will enjoy and profit from this fascinating field as much as I have."

"Adam Lindemann polls a who's who of the art world (auction-house pros, consultants, dealers) for tips on building a collection that is as profitable as it is pleasurable."

—*Harper's Bazaar*, New York



Collecting Design
Adam Lindemann
Hardbound with elastic ribbon, format: 16.8 x 22.6 cm (6.6 x 8.9 in.), 300 pp.
€ 29.99 / $ 39.99 / £ 24.99

Marc Newson, Lockheed Lounge, 1988, prototype handmade by Marc Newson, fibreglass-polyester resin core, riveted sheet aluminium, paint, 87.6 x 167 x 62.2 cm (34 ½ x 65 ¾ x 24 ½ in.). Photo: Clint Blowers. Courtesy Phillips de Pury & Company

"Today, people are more aware of design and realize that it is a good investment."

Peter M. Brant, Collector, Greenwich (CT)



Peter Brant, publisher and businessman, is one of the most influential collectors of his generation. He owns great works by Andy Warhol, Jean-Michel Basquiat, Jeff Koons, Julian Schnabel, Richard Prince, and has long had a passion for 20th century design. He is a connoisseur of design from American Empire all the way to Zaha Hadid and Marc Newson. He is also the owner of *The Magazine Antiques*, *Art in America* and *Interview*.

Getting started

I started out collecting in the late 1960s. I became interested in Art Deco furniture when I was just out of college. When I came to New York, I bought an apartment and I wanted to buy some furniture and express my tastes in doing this apartment, so I hired a decorator, Michael Greer, who was famous at that time—he had helped Jackie Kennedy redecorate the White House. He was a very good decorator, but he was primarily interested in Directoire furniture. My interest was in more modern furniture, and in looking around I got to know the work of Ward Bennett. He is a very famous furniture designer of the 1960s and early 1970s. So I did my apartment in mostly Ward Bennett furniture—sofas, chairs—and that got me interested in design.

I liked some of the Art Deco pieces and Tiffany lamps I found at Lillian Nassau on 57th Street. At the time, I was very close with Fred Hughes, Andy Warhol's business manager, who was also interested in Art Deco. We kind of influenced Andy to focus on French Art Deco, because Andy really preferred American painted furniture, folk art type furniture—American, Maryland, Baltimore decorated painted furniture. That was his first choice, and his other favourite was Gustav Stickley who is so well known for his Arts and Crafts furniture. Then he got interested in Art Deco, really through Fred, and that's how Jed Johnson, Warhol's companion and friend, became interested in being a great decorator. Jed passed away in the airplane tragedy, TWA flight 800 en route from New York to Paris in 1996. We miss him.

Fred Hughes had one of the really great eyes for the decorative arts, he understood it, was interested in it and studied it. Besides working for Andy as a business manager and art dealer, he had a broad interest in many things and probably could have been one of the great decorators of our time. I have enormously high regard for him. I would say that in decorative arts he had among the best eyes of anybody I have ever met and he certainly had a stronger influence on me than Andy.

> "Sometimes we paid very little for a piece and other times the higher prices… you can't always get everything for very little."

During the period of the late 1960s, I was also buying art from people like Ileana Sonnabend



> **“When I was a kid, do you know what influenced me in design? The television program *Playboy after Dark*.”** — Peter Brant

and Antonio Homem—they were collecting Art Deco furiously. Then I became interested in early American furniture like Duncan Phyfe, around 1970 or 1971. I was also collecting Art Deco silver very seriously, like Jean Puiforcat, and was spending a lot of time in Paris, from 1969 to 1972. I did a movie with Andy in Paris in 1973 and lived in Paris for about two months during the filming and spent most of that time antiquing.

Actually, I was always collecting. In the 1980s, when I was playing polo in England and everybody would be out there watching the games and fishing in the afternoons, I would be in London going antiquing because I really liked Edward William Godwin, Charles Mackintosh, William Morris, Philip Webb and the Aesthetic and the Arts and Crafts movements. [...]

Opposite top: Charles Rennie Mackintosh, Side chair, 1909–1911, stained oak and rush, 73 cm (28 ¾ in.) high. From the Ingram Street tea rooms, Glasgow. Courtesy Phillips de Pury & Company

Opposite bottom: George Nakashima, Burl walnut table, 1978, burl walnut, four rosewood butterfly joints, 40.2 x 128.3 x 172 cm (15 ⅞ x 50 ½ x 67 ¾ in.) © Christie's Images Limited 2005

Below: Shiro Kuramata, Miss Blanche chair, 1988, thick acrylic resin, anodised aluminium and artificial roses, 93.5 x 63 x 58 cm (36 ¾ x 24 ¾ x 22 ¾ in.). Courtesy Sotheby's

Right: Marc Newson, Orgone Stretch Lounge, 1993, aluminium and enamel, 62 x 179 x 83 cm (24 ⅜ x 70 ½ x 32 ⅝ in.). Courtesy Phillips de Pury & Company



Value of design and art

I do not consider a piece of furniture of mine in the same light as a work of art. Yes, it is an artistic creation and, in the decorative arts, it can be a masterpiece, but that is quite different from a work that changes the way you think about things. An artist should make you *think* differently when you look at a work that is really great. Design, however, is viewed more for its place in history. A great Philadelphia chair makes you think about great design from that period in Philadelphia, it's the history that comes to mind.

I have been involved with *The Magazine Antiques* over the years, since 1983. I see that the connoisseurship of collecting, in one respect, has diminished; it is simply too difficult to be an expert on everything from Arts and Crafts, to Philadelphia furniture, to Mollino, to everything else, because it really requires a lot of study. I think what is happening now is that a designer does something, produces an edition of it and we know exactly how many there are because it is well documented. For that reason, people feel more comfortable with contemporary design than they do with work from the prior periods. It is documented and that is important for the prospective buyer.

I mean, think of Jean Prouvé...the market comes up with an African Prouvé table every other month. When I bought mine there were supposed to be only twelve in the world. How many are around now? I think about 25, and more might appear. On the other hand, if somebody shows you a Lockheed Lounge, most of the dealers know the name of everybody who owns one. So that brands it, in a dealer way, by knowing how rare it is.

These new editions are virtually packaged like works of art and they are selling for high prices. In the case of Marc Newson, he is certainly very high up there. I think he is one of the great designers of the 20th century because everything he has done from watches [Ikepod] to planes to furniture has just been genius. I think the idea of showing his work in an art gallery is fine. You know, Ileana Sonnabend is showing 1950s antiquities with Patrick Seguin because it's wonderful to do that. But as far as value goes, or packaging it as art, to me that's difficult. It is great furniture.

Early influences

When I was a kid, do you know what influenced me in design? One of the first influences was the television program *Playboy after Dark*. I guess its premise was to show pretty girls, at least that's what I felt when I was a teenager. Of course there were some beautiful girls there, starlets and some others, but then, in the background of that after-dark New York apartment was a Franz Kline painting, and then there was a Willem de Kooning that caught my eye.

Also the furniture looked kind of special. I do not remember what it was at the time but it looked special. It had a look, and modernism was in play, coming out of the 1950s, and I think it embedded itself in my youthful mind. So everybody gets someplace for different reasons...I guess some people notice and others do not.

Advice for the new collector

I think the new collector should try to find something that he or she can afford on a reasonable budget, that perhaps has been overlooked temporarily, that perhaps was produced in the 1970s or 1980s, that has great quality and does not demand the higher prices. There are terrific auctions in Chicago, like Wright, great auctions that you can pick from. If you had collected George Nakashima ten years ago, you would be in the chips, right? I started collecting him 15 years ago, 20 years ago, because I thought it was great stuff. Now it is very expensive. So you have to look for things that are high quality, that people believed in and collected, and you have to become knowledgeable.


GRAT

Sleepwalking in a curious alter-reality

A retrospective of Rauch's delirious painting

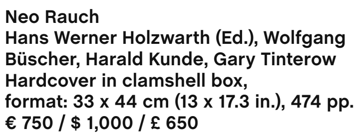


New Leipzig visions

A monograph of truly epic scale







Neo Rauch
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€ 750 / $ 1,000 / £ 650

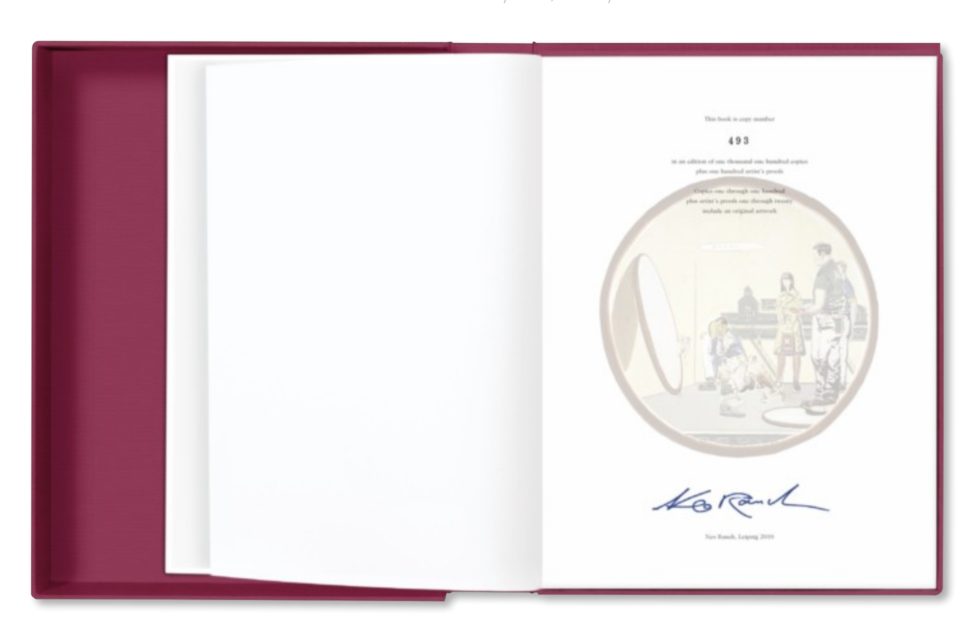
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- Limited to 100 numbered copies, each signed by the artist, this Art Edition comes with the signed chalk lithograph *Heimkehr*, 2010, printed on handmade paper with a hand-lever press, 44 x 33 cm (17.3 x 13 in.) (see p. 42)
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Pp. 38–39: *Grat*, 2000, oil on canvas, 200 x 300 cm (78 ¾ x 118 ⅛ in.)

Opposite: *Küchenwunder*, 2005, oil on canvas, 200 x 140 cm (78 ¾ x 55 ⅛ in.)

Bursting with radiant and unsettling juxtapositions, Neo Rauch's paintings are wormholes into worlds of startling psychological power and cultural collisions. His scenes involve the viewer in a history that is at once mythic, intimate, and present. Through a deep consideration of philosophy, art history, literature, and his own dreamscape, Rauch's paintings depict the precipices of progress and the struggles of communication. Electrified by their rich palettes, Rauch's fragmented landscapes and timeless characters dance between pop and baroque, social and psychological, graphic and painterly. Born in Leipzig in 1960, Rauch learned his trade behind the Iron Curtain. His influences and interests were shaped by personal hardship and the tumultuous changes of East Germany after the Wall fell. In the late 1980s, having finished his studies at the Academy of Visual Arts Leipzig under Arnold Rink and Bernhard Heisig, he explored diverse approaches to painting in dialogue with works he encountered by Francis Bacon, the New Wild Painters, and the pre-Renaissance painters he saw during his travels in Italy. By 1993, he had arrived at the unique style of intertwining figuration and abstraction that characterizes his œuvre and has brought him international attention and respect. Only a book of truly epic scale could begin to unpack the emotional, historical, and formal density of Rauch's canvases. Comprising over 450 pages, including more than 250 large-scale reproductions, this monograph is the most inclusive collection of his work to date. It offers a generous range of writings that illuminate the personal, symbolic, and formal complexities of Rauch's world. Wolfgang Büscher's open and sensitive account of a walk through Rauch's neighborhood reveals the painter's compassion and modesty. Harald Kunde tracks Rauch's stylistic development through its main semantic threads and historical influences. Gary Tinterow draws from his work on Rauch's exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum to offer the reader a guide to the symbols that form the painter's extensive mythology. These essays complement Rauch's work with nuanced insights while allowing the images room to speak on their own. Within this atlas, readers will discover the rich density and enigmatic openness of Rauch's paintings.



Open pit— Walking and talking with Neo Rauch

By Wolfgang Büscher



You'd hardly notice it, this house, home of perhaps the most successful German painter in recent years. Just south of Leipzig lies a late 1920s or early 1930s neighborhood as if forgotten, tucked in among one of those brand new, utilitarian developments. Weathered gray picket fences, telephone poles that look like the tree trunks they were made from, cheerful, earnest houses. No glass ego showcases or bright, eternally childish Legoland architecture; just the cheerfulness of white-mullioned windows, the earnestness of pointed gables. Are you allowed to judge someone's character from the look of his house?

A walk through the woods was planned. First we went inside, where Rauch took a knife and sliced steaks from a chunk of beef. When they were done, sluiced with red wine and put on a white china dish, we took everything out into the blue day, to a table under apple trees. Several weathered tables stood around the garden. It was the last Sunday in September, glorious and still radiant with summer warmth; autumn was just around the corner. He especially loved this month, he said. Then we set off.

The path led through open countryside, then entered a wood, recently planted, with people hunting for mushrooms among the slender trees. Later we came to the shore of a lake on which boats and even an excursion ship were cruising. We followed the lakeside path, now in the midst of Sunday crowds: children and weekend athletes, old and young, in metallic-bright cycling and running gear.

No one took any notice of my companion, in jeans, black shirt, and tennis shoes. No one turned to look; all eyes were fixed ahead. The procession had an optimistic air, confident in what the future would bring, as if all were walking in an enormous propaganda poster for a strangely unrevolutionary first of May—everyone out for the glorious last of September! And so it was. What appeared so brand new about the area *was* brand new. The young forest, the lake—as far as the eye could see, the landscape was new, man-made. For hours we had been walking through what was once an immense open pit coal mine, dug out by the German Democratic Republic, exhausted, and then transformed by the triumphant new nation into an equally immense recreation area. It was the Easter march of a new era.

Cultural critique now hung in the air. Cutting remarks about the ugly garishness of the fashions were uttered almost automatically. But then my companion expressed a different, pleasantly unacerbic thought: "This whole thing here is one great healing of wounds." Entire villages

> "This dream changed my work. It was a call to order, concentration, centering. That's how it began, what I am today."

had been swallowed up in the open pit mine, he explained, noble estates, palaces, forests. "There used to be a big old hardwood forest here, the Hardt." He indicated a small stand of oaks in the distance: "That's what's left of it."

His East German schoolbook had devoted a two-page spread to the lacerated land around Leipzig. "On the left, an aerial photo of its condition then: a landscape with huge gaping wounds left by prospecting and mining. And opposite it, on the right, a drawing: a utopian vision of the same place in the year 2000, a recreation area with lakes and hikers."

"But this is how it turned out. The utopia of socialism came true, after the end of socialism." Then: "Yes, that is what's happened. It's moving to see the land healing. The young woods we just walked through are the same age as my son—twenty."

Is it conceivable that a painter from a region that was gutted, dismembered, then reassembled bone by bone as if in some shamanistic initiation ritual—that an artist who grew up in this area and continues to live here could make pictures that remain unaffected by all of this? No, it's not. His paintings are like aftershocks from the volcanic period that lies behind us, and they

> **"The painter as shepherd of pictures: they mustn't break out, the fence must hold. Where the canvas ends, art ends too."**
>
> —Neo Rauch

presage the quakes to come. In interviews, Rauch has repeatedly described himself as a medium: a man under the influence of outside forces. He returns to the subject now: "Painting is a natural process. Things pass through the painter. He has to shape, lend order to these things, but he has no control over what forces itself on him."

While walking, your thoughts have free rein. Whatever you say to the person walking beside you, to yourself, or to an imaginary companion is said in the rhythm of the walk. Nature—the word now came up again. "I'm a conservative by nature," I heard him say, "and it's easy for me to explain why—it's no wonder, in view of so much loss." Rauch had lost both his parents not long after his birth. "A train accident, here in Leipzig. They were about twenty years old, the two of them. You're not adult at twenty. Belated children, they were." And, with a pause: "After something like that you don't feel much like overthrowing everything all the time. When people want to overthrow something, you ask, what good would come of it?"

A journalist once asked him whether he loved Germany. Rauch replied that he knew very well what the man expected to hear—the famous Theodor Heuss repartee, "I love my wife." Instead, Rauch quoted Schopenhauer: "Love is compassion." Now he said: "That's not a bad definition, I think. If my wife hurts herself and is bleeding, and I feel as much pain as if it had happened to me, that's love." There was a pause. "Can you love your country? You can in moderation, can't you?"

Now we had reached the tall outlook tower that had been in view the whole time, landmark of the new recreation area. So high that you could feel the wind shifting the observation platform under your feet, it provided a panorama view of the spacious, flat countryside. The tower rose like visible proof that even the art of engineering, when it becomes utopian, follows a dreamlike logic, distantly related to what appears on the artist's canvas: figures and objects from highly diverse time periods and worlds.

At our feet stood a pyramid, with an Indian village next to it. A large carousel, spiraling slowly into the blue day, attracted my companion's attention. He pointed to it and said: "This could be a landscape by Hieronymus Bosch—full of gigantic torture instruments."

I don't recall how we arrived at the subject of eroticism in painting. "I've always avoided it," he said.

"Why?"

"Out of shame. What would my grandmother say if I painted my deep-seated erotic fantasies? We're living in a completely sexualized world. Everything is tainted by pornography. Why should this have to be put on canvas, too?"

We descended the tower and left the crowded path once more. Rauch recounted a dream: "I'm strolling through a city, and feel pressure mounting in my bladder. There's no public toilet in sight, so I go into a bar, in a basement. I follow a corridor and come to a big, square room. Twenty by twenty meters wide, and just as high. I enter it at one corner, and the bar is on the long wall opposite. I cross the room, order something, and ask for the john. The barkeeper directs me to the other corner of the wall through which I came in. I turn around and see the wall—a twenty-by-twenty-meter black, cast-iron mandala. And at its midpoint, a symbol of luck. This dream changed my work. It was a call to order, concentration, centering. After that I started painting the large black pictures. That's how it began, what I am today. The motif of the bladder—something wrong at the midpoint, something that demands relief." He didn't consider the dream too private, Rauch explained. "I don't mind talking about things like this, to make others aware that such lucid dreams should be taken seriously. Not just passed off and waved through."

I had watched him in the studio, his painting nook in the former Leipzig Spinning Mill. A rough, primitive place, more like an old hunting cabin than anything one would imagine as the studio of an internationally renowned artist.

Opposite: *Heimkehr*, 2010, signed chalk lithograph, printed on handmade paper with a hand-lever press, 44 x 33 cm (17.3 x 13 in.)

Below: *Stoff*, 1998, oil on canvas, 250 x 200 cm (98 3/8 x 78 3/4 in.)





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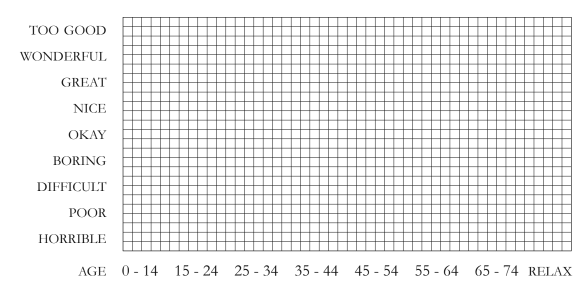
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Christo and Jeanne-Claude, *Surrounded Islands, Miami, Florida, 1980-83*. Photo © Wolfgang Volz

The work of the artists Christo and Jeanne-Claude transcends borders, resists categorizing, and embraces contradiction. This is the only large-format book that includes all of their projects, from their early wrappings of trees and buildings to spectacular urban events such as *The Gates* in Central Park, the *Wrapped Reichstag* in Berlin, and *Running Fence* in California, as well as the full spectrum of Christo's early art works that formed the basis for the ambitious large-scale projects that both artists produced together. Part biography, part critical analysis, part catalogue, the book traces both the lives and the works of an artist couple who established a category all their own: a category somewhere between conceptual art, urban planning, architecture, politics, engineering and art.

Don’t panic! We’ve got you covered

Our first reversible cover “incognito” edition

Ed Fox has been called the new Elmer Batters, but he’s clearly no imitator. Yes, there’s that “little secret” he shares with the Mr. Batters, but Fox celebrates the female foot in his own way, creating a style that is unique, contemporary and technically impeccable. As he draws inspiration from both still photography and music video there’s a strong sense of movement in his photos, reflecting his own energetic personality.

Fox is a native of Los Angeles, so it’s no surprise his specialty is finding and shooting the most compelling beauties in the adult film industry. Says Fox, “A beautiful foot is an extra, the same as shapely breasts or a nice ass, and all part of a feminine shape. It’s all about voluptuousness.” Accordingly, most of his models are exceptionally curvy from top to bottom. Fox was one of the first to shoot strip diva Dita von Teese, as well as Valentina Vaughn, Tera Patrick, Brittany Andrews, Jill Kelly, Kelly Madison, Temptress, Tall Goddess, Aria Giovanni, Jewel De’Nyle, Belladonna, Terri Weigel, Penny Flame, and Ginger Jolie, all of whom appear in his very first book.



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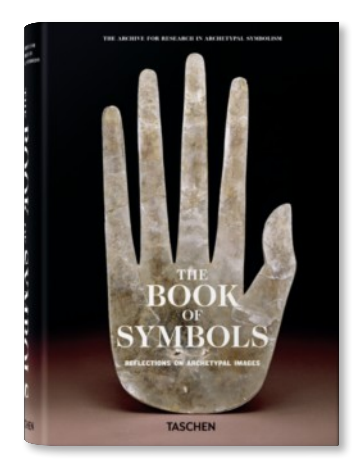


What distinguished Swedish publication *Private*, the world's first sexually explicit magazine, in the 1980s? Female lust. After 20 years of photographing mostly amateur models, publisher Berth Milton came to believe that females were more sexually ravenous than males. In the 1980s he became obsessed with portraying women as the voracious hedonists of his experience. Always controlling with *Private*, in the '80s he became maniacal, determined that the magazine bear no creative stamp but his own. After nights of heavy drinking he'd return to his offices and tear up his designer's layouts, redoing them to his taste; anyone who challenged him was fired. After moving the *Private* headquarters to Barcelona, he shot most of the photo sets in his own home and garden, playing out his most intimate fantasies in the pages of his magazine. There is no doubt that the 1980s were a dark time for Berth Milton, but his personal torment resulted in some inspired photography. Blunter and more emphatic than his 1970s work, this is the 1980s in all its self-obsessed, big-haired glory.

This five-volume, 960-page mini-boxed set presents the best of *Private* from 1980 to 1989. Each 192-page book features seven to ten of the finest photo sets, arranged in chronological order, produced from the original color transparencies. Also included are photos never seen in the magazine, as well as all the magazine covers, plus behind-the-scenes photos of Milton at work. Vintage art, ads, and editorials complete this fascinating look at the golden age of pornography as interpreted by Sweden's most notorious publisher-photographer.

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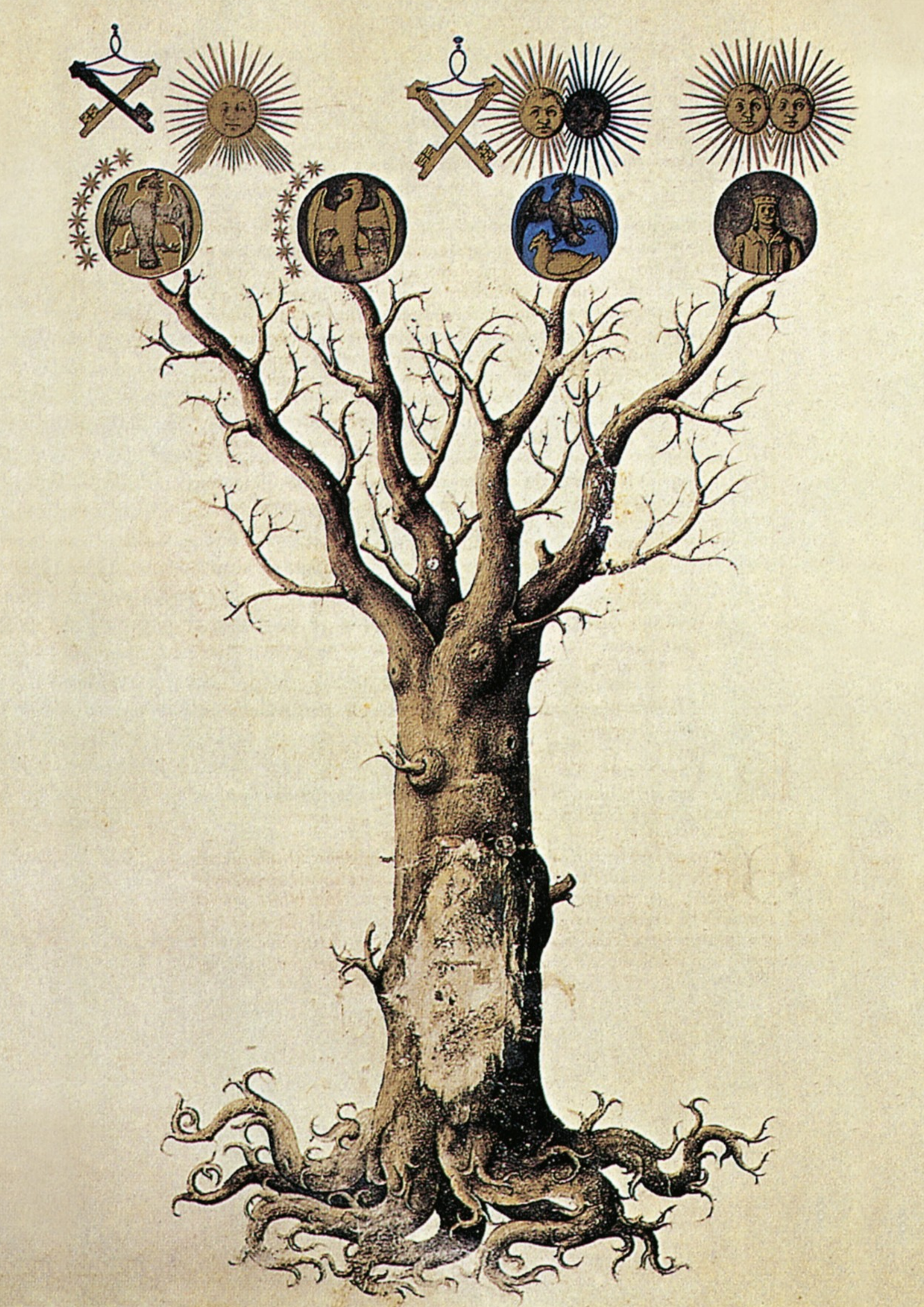




The Book of Symbols combines original and incisive essays about particular symbols with representative images from all parts of the world and all eras of history. The highly readable texts and almost 800 beautiful full-color images come together in a unique way to convey hidden dimensions of meaning. Each of the c. 350 texts examines a given symbol's psychic background, and how it evokes psychic processes and dynamics. Etymological roots, the play of opposites, paradox and shadow, the ways in which diverse cultures have used a symbolic image—all these factors are taken into consideration.

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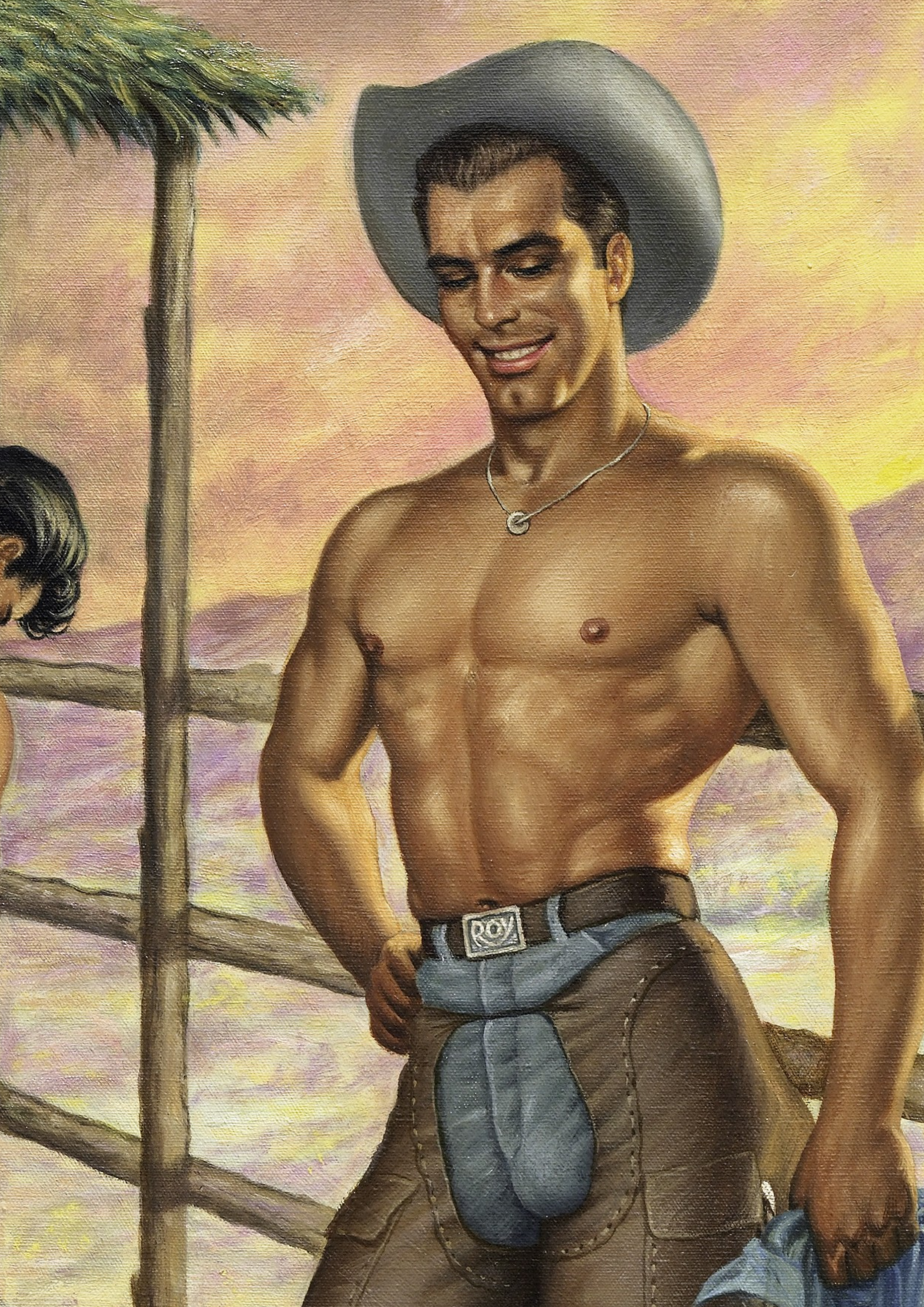


Physique painter as Renaissance man

The flamboyant life and forbidden art of George Quaintance

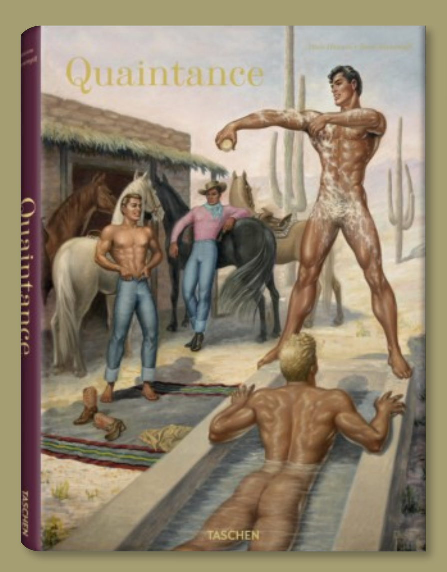


Sunset, 1953, oil on canvas (detail)
101.5 x 81 cm (40 x 32 in.)


ROY

Latin lovers, lusty cowboys, and chiseled ranch hands

A masculine fantasy world



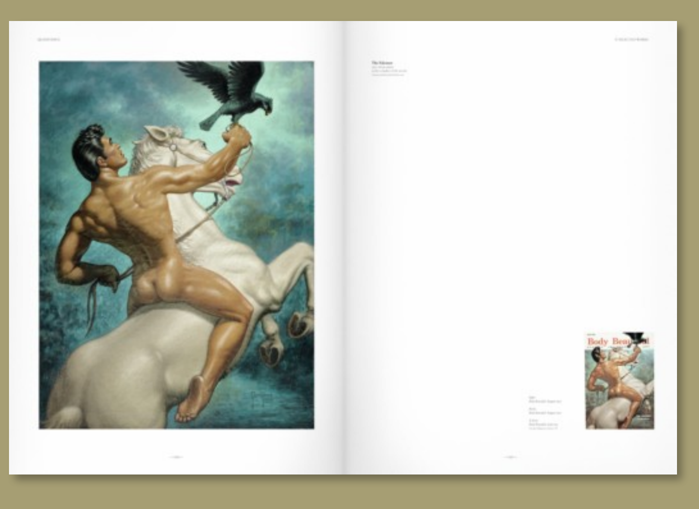
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"The gay fantasy world created by Quaintance retains its allure as the preeminent physique art of the 1940s and early '50s, and as inspiration for artists like Tom of Finland..."

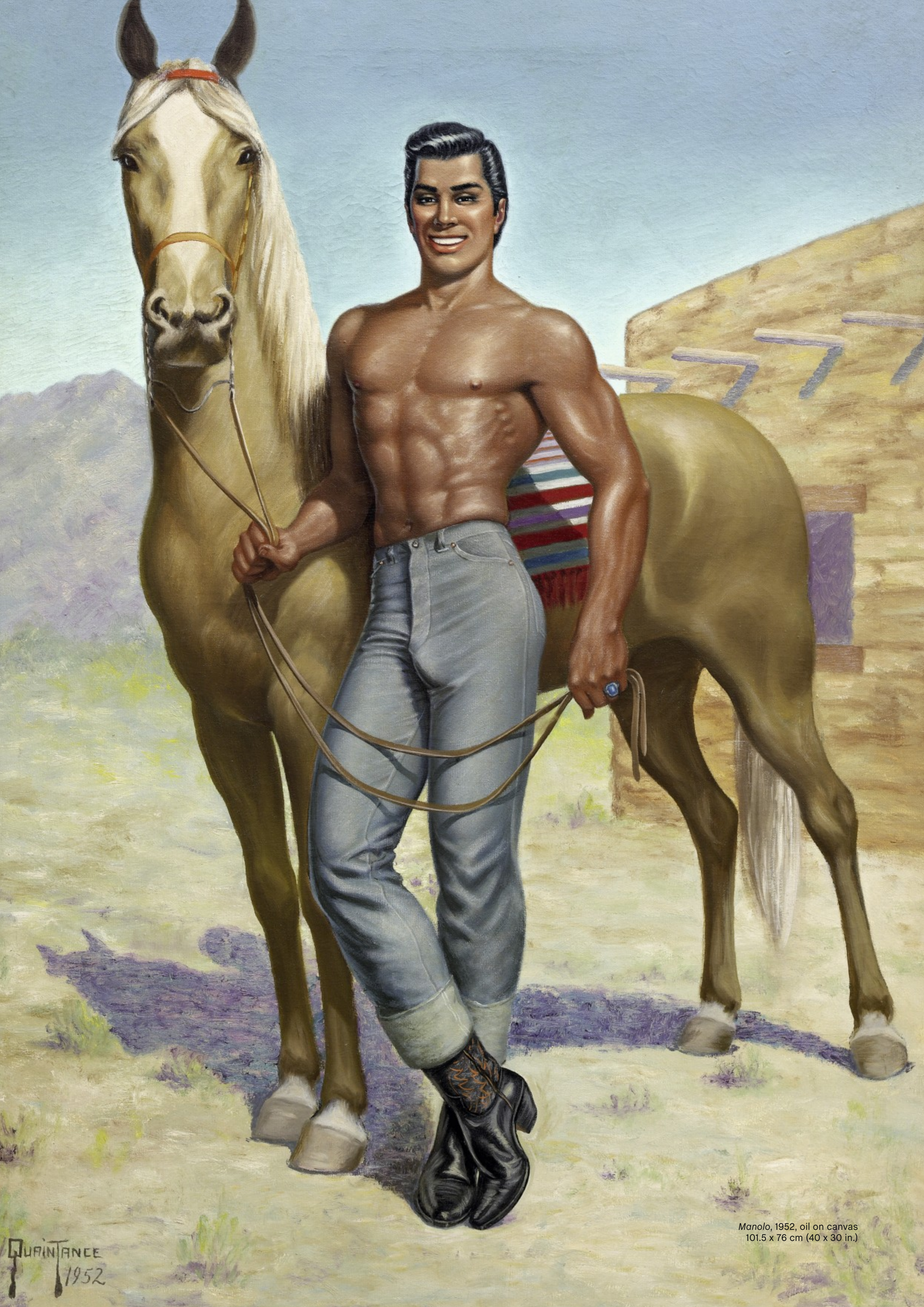
—Reed Massengill





George Quaintance was an artist ahead of his time, a man who forged several successful careers, yet never enjoyed mainstream fame. Had he been born a few decades later, we might know him today as a multi-tasking celebrity stylist, as a coach on *Dancing with the Stars*, or perhaps as the fine artist he aspired to be.
But Quaintance, who died in 1957, lived and worked during an era when homosexuality was repressed, when his joyful paintings and physique photos could not depict a penis. In an era before Stonewall, the sexual revolution, gay rights and the AIDS crisis, Quaintance and his high-camp erotic art existed in a demi-monde of borderline legality.
Half a century on, the masculine fantasy world created by Quaintance, populated by Latin lovers, lusty cowboys and chiseled ranch hands, retains its seductive allure. His highly prized paintings—numbering just 55—rarely come to auction, instead selling privately for undisclosed sums. As the preeminent 'male physique' artist of the 1940s and early '50s, his work for *Physique Pictorial*, *Demi-Gods* and *Body Beautiful* inspired a generation of artists like Tom of Finland, Harry Bush, Etienne, and other, lesser stars in their constellation.
Raised on a farm in rural Virginia, Quaintance traveled a fascinating path of reinvention: at various points in his life he was a Vaudeville dancer, the favored portraitist of Washington's smart set, and a celebrity hair designer—though he never actually touched hair.

TASCHEN's *Quaintance* traces his remarkable life story and reintroduces his colorful, kitschy and culturally resonant paintings—works that made George Quaintance the most popular and successful physique artist of his time, and one of its most intriguing figures.



Manolo, 1952, oil on canvas
101.5 x 76 cm (40 x 30 in.)

An artistic journey of endless reinvention

By Reed Massengill

Had he been born rather than died in 1957, we might today know the physique artist George Quaintance (1902–1957) as a multi-tasking middle-aged celebrity stylist, as a Dancing with the Stars coach, or as an aging gay porn star. He'd now be entering his 50s—"the new 30s," if we believe the hype. Instead, the artist died in a significantly more repressive time, when his male physique artwork could never show a penis; when it still was illegal to send nude photographs through the mail; and in an era predating the Stonewall Rebellion, the sexual revolution, the gay rights movement, and the AIDS crisis.
During the half century since his death the world has changed dramatically, and yet the gay fantasy world created by Quaintance, populated by lusty cowboys and chiseled ranch hands, retains its allure as the preeminent physique art of the 1940s and early '50s, and as inspiration for artists Tom of Finland (Touko Laaksonen 1920–1991), Harry Bush (1926–1994), Etienne (Dom Orejudos 1933–1991), and other lesser stars in their constellation. As for Quaintance the man, like many who've succeeded in becoming single-name entities—Picasso, Cocteau, Warhol, Marilyn, Brando, and Madonna come to mind—he strained at the confines of a working-class upbringing.
His restless meanderings led him on a journey of reinvention both fascinating and far-reaching before he ascended to his peak as an artist.
"My ancestors were all farmers," Quaintance wrote in the popular physique magazine *Grecian Guild Pictorial* shortly before his death. "There were no artists or talented people among them, yet I drew, painted and modeled in clay as early as I can remember, and I did it with the assurance and the ability of experience, while the mysteries of running a farm ... are still very great mysteries to me, after all these years."



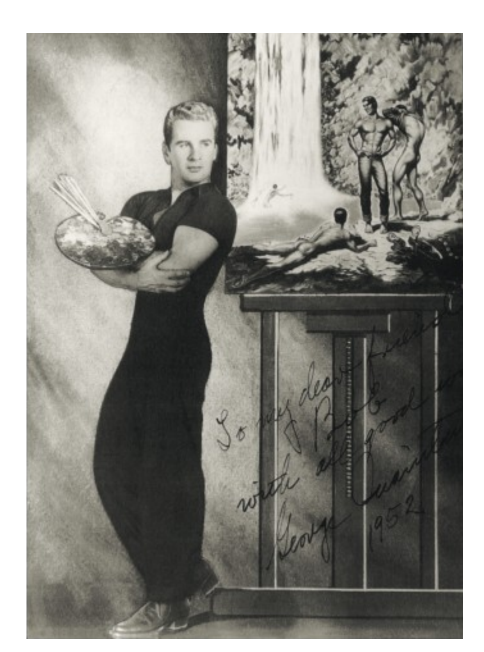
After high school Quaintance departed for New York City to attend art school, but became instead a dancer. He teamed up with a female partner, Frances Craig, to become a featured act in a group called The Collegiates. How Quaintance transitioned from vaudeville performer and dance instructor to creator of elaborate coiffures for women we shall never know, but it was likely an offshoot from illustration work he began picking up in New York.
His hairstyles were flights of fancy with evocative names like Rhumba, Armament, and Medusa, which no quantity of rollers, setting lotion, or hair lacquer could have held in place for longer than a few moments. His coiffure creations lived—and looked—best on paper, as he imagined and illustrated them.

"My first problem was to get over those high blue mountains I was born behind."

Still, his hair illustrations led Quaintance to yet another line of work. In 1938 he was hired to staff trade show booths in various cities representing Procter & Gamble's then-popular Drene shampoo.
About the same time Quaintance was working the trade show circuit for Procter & Gamble, young Victor Garcia immigrated to New York City from his native Puerto Rico. Shortly after his arrival in 1938, Victor met and posed for physique photographer Lon Hanagan (1911–1999), who was just beginning to publish his work under the name Lon of New York. Lon had been introduced to Quaintance in the mid-'30s, and knowing he had a passion for Latin types, Lon introduced Quaintance to Victor.
The pair became inseparable. Although the parameters of their relationship shifted over the following two decades from lovers, to companions, to business partners, Victor would remain the stabilizing force in Quaintance's harried life.
Late in 1947 Quaintance and Victor moved to Los Angeles. Victor had for several years wanted to live in a warmer climate, and he convinced Quaintance that he could get valuable portrait commissions and free-lance illustration work for the popular movie magazines. Quaintance's most important new contact in Los Angeles proved to be was Bob Mizer, who lived at home with his mother in downtown L.A., where he photographed near-naked men in the converted parlor of her rooming house. Mizer's now legendary Athletic Model Guild (AMG) was just beginning to take shape in the late '40s and he was happy to commiserate with Quaintance about the challenges of publishing male photographs for the

“These pictures do not simply invite us to gaze at the mostly unclothed men, but allow us to see the men gazing at one another.”

—Michael Bronski



Opposite: *Gloria*, 1953, oil on canvas, 101.5 x 81 cm (40 x 32 in.)

Above: An idealized portrait of George, posing with *Havasu Creek*, 1948, his first celebration of Latino cowboys, here seen frolicking in the Grand Canyon.

Right: *Night in the Desert*, 1951, oil on canvas 96.5 x 86 cm (38 x 34 in.)

growing post-war gay audience. Unlike Bonomo and Weider, Mizer wanted to exploit the gay market to the fullest, and by the time he published the first issue of *Physique Photo News* in May 1951, Quaintance knew he'd found a home for his talents. His *Havasu Creek* (1948) appeared on the back cover and it's conceivable that Quaintance helped Mizer see the benefit of the artistic alibi and adopt the less specific title *Physique Pictorial* with the second issue.

Mizer's magazine launch triggered an explosion of titles that had less to do with muscle building and more to do with open appreciation of male beauty clad in scant more than a posing pouch. The huge demand for physique magazines among image-hungry gay men provided an ongoing outlet for Quaintance's art.

While nothing Quaintance painted was exactly new, his take on established themes was fresh and direct. The burly workmen in *Pyramid Builders* (1952) are viewed from below, playing to the voyeur and accentuating shapely thighs, firm buttocks, and broadly developed lats. In *Hercules* (1956) a snake coils across the hero's crotch, while in *Orpheus in Hades* (1952) the demonic hands and forearms of a sharp-nailed Lucifer press against the groin of Orpheus.

Quaintance was also among the first artists to openly eroticize items of apparel, which, in the hands of younger artists Tom of Finland and Harry Bush, would be openly fetishized a few years later. One of the physique magazines praised Quaintance model Bill Bredlau for “the advent of Levi's as an art form,” stating that “He inspired Quaintance to use them in many paintings, which helped, we think, to establish the present fashion trend toward Levi's and boots.”

Writer Michael Bronski has called Quaintance's artwork “extraordinarily daring and out, an open celebration of gay sexuality, a political as well as a cultural achievement,” observing that “While pre-Stonewall culture dictated that ‘romance’ might never be an option for homosexual men, Quaintance proved in painting after painting, drawing after drawing, that this romance was as possible for gay men as for heterosexuals.” In his essay *Blatant Male Pulchritude: The Art of George Quaintance* and *Bruce Weber's Bear Pond*, Bronski further notes that “These pictures do not simply invite us to gaze at the mostly unclothed men, but allow us to see the men gazing at one another.”

While his professional aspirations took him across the United States, Quaintance had not had a permanent home since leaving Virginia at 18. In July 1953, a few months prior to his 51st birthday, he paid $6,000 for a home on two adjacent lots in the Aztec Park subdivision in Phoenix, Arizona. Advertisements published after his move referred to his new abode as Rancho Siesta. He created the illusion of a vast ranch populated by cowboys running the Quaintance Studios somewhere in “Paradise Valley,” a place of male camaraderie, tight Levi's, and models who lived just a horseback ride away. In reality, Rancho Siesta was a modest suburban home, but here is where he was most creative and experimental. It was here too that

“Quaintance was among the first artists to openly eroticize items of apparel.”

—Reed Massengill

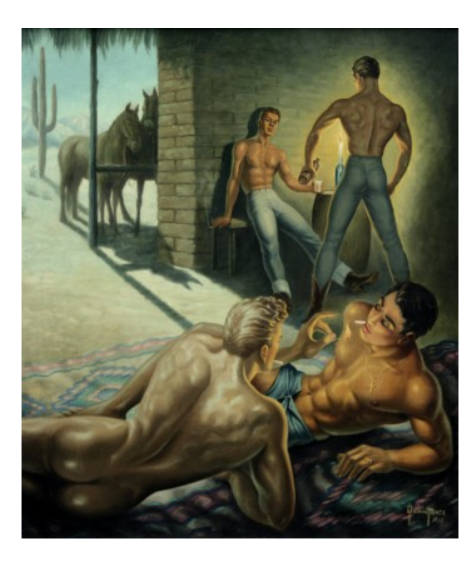
Quaintance met Edwardo, the Mexican/Indian model he considered his muse, whose handsome face and muscular form were included in many of his Arizona works.

Quaintance could not tame his restlessness, however, and in October 1957 he agreed to sell Rancho Siesta to a married couple. He packed up his brushes and canvases and moved once again to Los Angeles, where he died in November, not by falling from a leaping stallion—a poetic death in keeping with his art—but from an ordinary heart attack at St. Vincent's Hospital. No autopsy was performed, and his body was cremated in accordance with his wishes. His ashes were interred at Forest Lawn Memorial Park in Glendale, California.

Like the photographs of his contemporary George Platt Lynes (1907–1955), Quaintance's work languished for a period before its recent rediscovery. Twenty-five years after his death, a 1982 profile in the San Francisco gay tabloid *The Voice* said of the artist, “Quaintance was gifted with so much drive and artistic talent that he had the ability to transcend the puritanical restrictions of the times and leave us something of his daring imagination in his paintings.” The following year, the porn magazine *In Touch* published an extensive color portfolio of Quaintance's paintings—some of which had never been published in color—proclaiming him “the founding father of gay beefcake art.”

His artwork was reproduced occasionally in the late '80s and '90s, while the original paintings changed hands on rare occasions, through private sales shrouded in secrecy, making it difficult to chronicle their provenance or value. An art dealer in possession of an early original landscape canvas from Quaintance's Virginia period was offering it publicly for $35,000 in 2009, but the physique canvases always generate stronger interest and higher prices. Even lesser works in poor condition are known to swiftly fetch $10,000 due to rarity and to their cultural significance among gay collectors. Of Quaintance's 55 completed canvases, 18 have been lost, while many of the remaining are in need of restoration. TASCHEN has restored 24 of the iconic works for this book, returning them to the vivid splendor Quaintance intended.

Hopefully the lost paintings may still be discovered, and the renewed interest in Quaintance the artist and cultural pioneer will continue to grow. The sum of the man's talent must be measured not only by his own creations, but in terms of its incalculable impact on those who followed, by the works he inspired and the doors he opened. For all the flowery prose in the physique magazines that memorialized Quaintance following his death, perhaps *Grecian Guild Pictorial* summed it up best, noting in its July 1958 issue simply: “In his work, he is immortal.”



Sweet cheeks

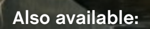
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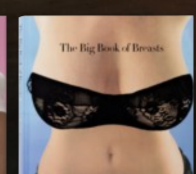
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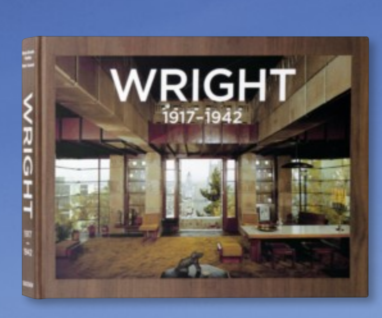




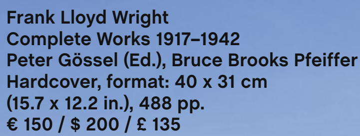
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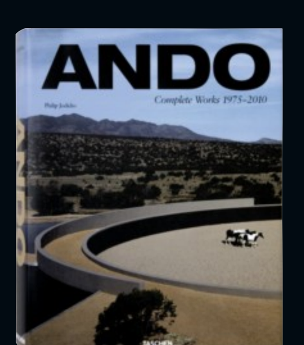
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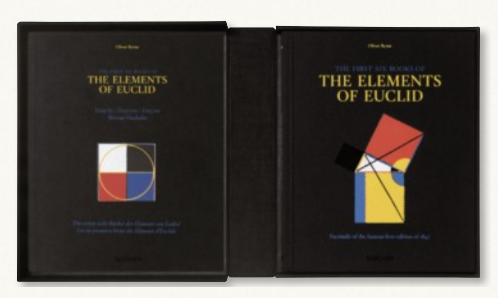
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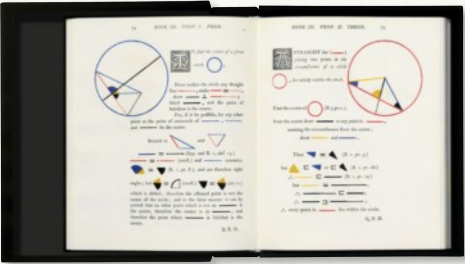




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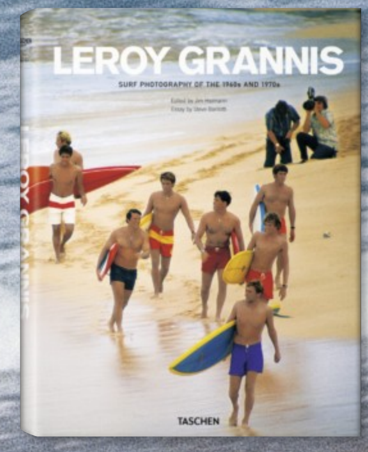
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Gail Yarbrough, Hermosa Beach, 1964.
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At a time when surfing is more popular than ever, it's fitting to look back at the years that brought the sport into the mainstream. Developed by Hawaiian islanders over five centuries ago, surfing began to peak on the mainland in the 1950s—becoming not just a sport, but a way of life, admired and exported across the globe. One of the key image-makers from that period is LeRoy Grannis, a surfer since 1931, who began photographing the scene in California and Hawaii in the longboard era of the early 1960s.

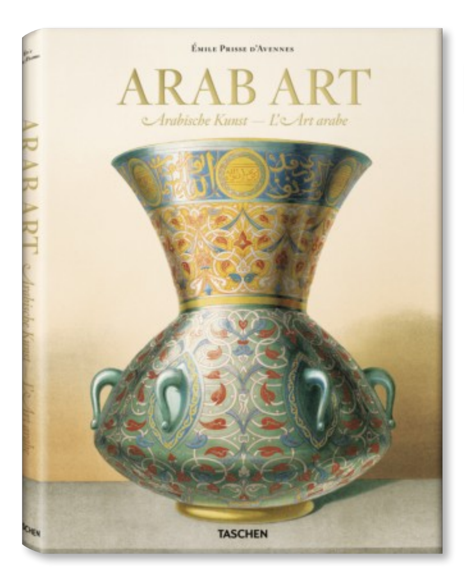
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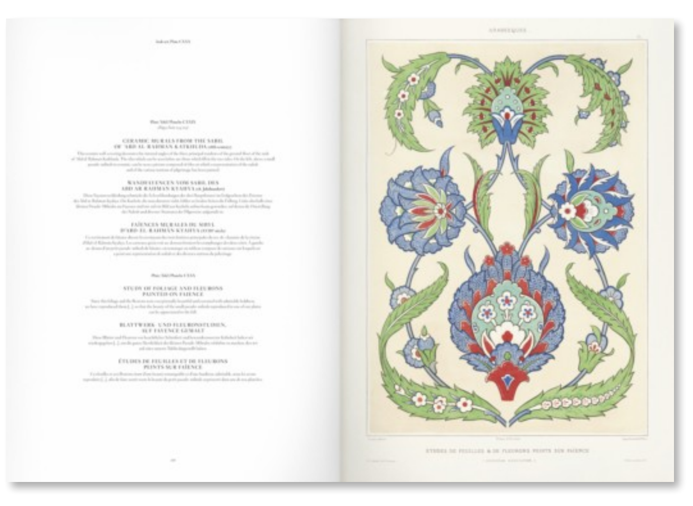
Emile Prisse d'Avennes
Arab Art
Sheila Blair, Jonathan Bloom
Hardcover, format: 31.4 x 43.5 cm
(12.4 x 17.1 in.), 408 pp., 2 fold-outs
€ 99.99 / $ 150 / £ 99.99

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Opposite: "House of Husni Ahmad al-Burdayni"



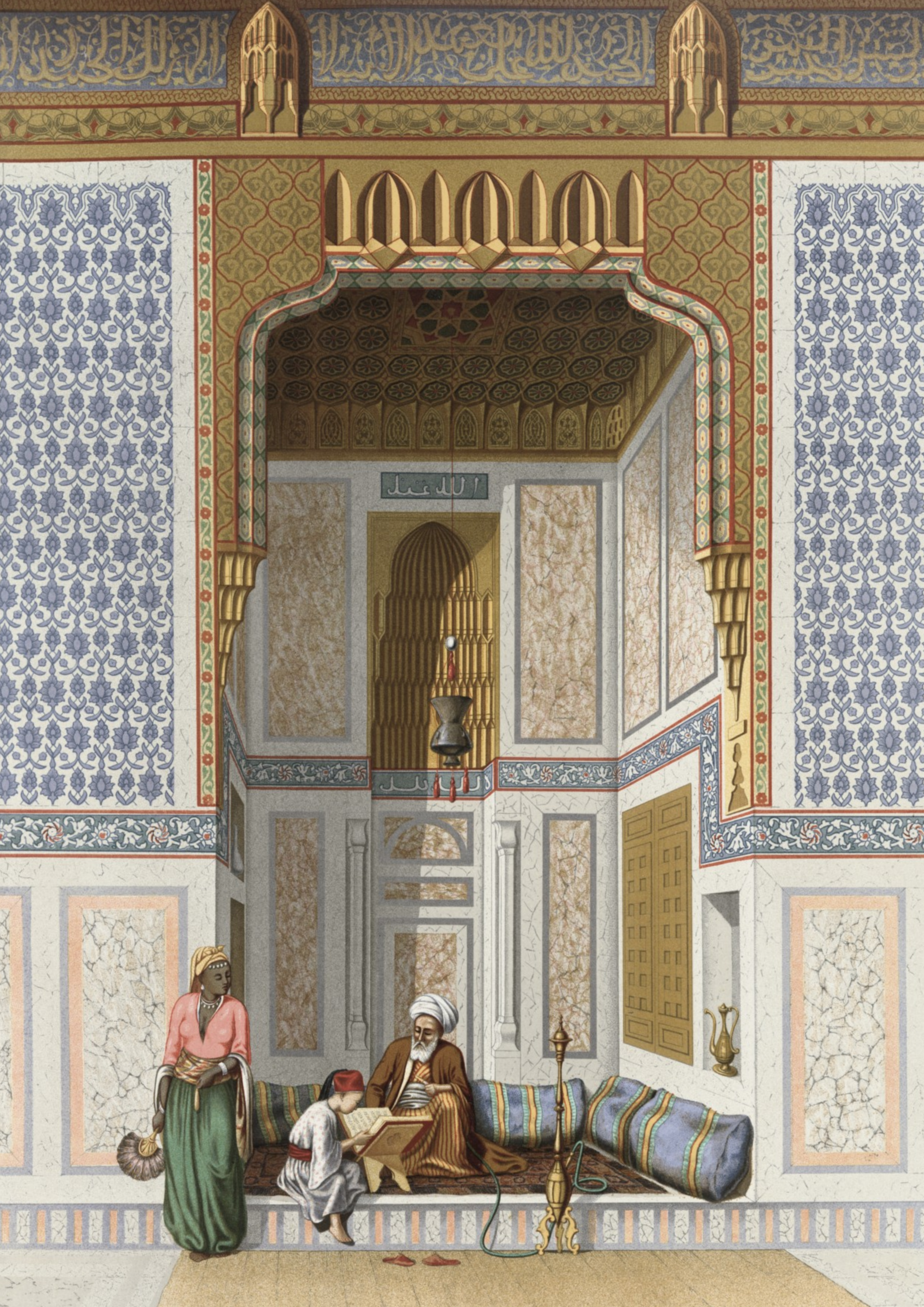


Emile Prisse d'Avennes (1807–1879), a French Orientalist, author and artist, was one of the greatest pre-20th century Egyptologists. An ardent admirer of the superb skills of Egyptian and Oriental artisans, he was enamored of Arabic art. As a youth he dreamed of exploring the Orient, and at 19 began traveling to Greece and Palestine. Over the next 40 years he explored Syria, Arabia, Persia, and resided in Egypt and Algeria. Converting to Islam, he traveled Egypt disguised as an Arab, using the name Edris Effendi. A student of ancient Egyptian and Islamic cultures, he later wrote: "We shall discuss all the arts, all the industries cultivated by Orientals with so much taste, brilliance, and fantasy. We will present splendid reproductions of the monuments, objects of art and luxury, which provide evidence of an advanced civilization, the influence of which has been felt even in Europe."

In 1848/1851 Prisse d'Avennes published his *Oriental Album* (*Oriental Album. Characters, Costumes, and Modes of Life, the Valley of the Nile*) in London. This brilliant collection of 32 chromolithographs illustrating the people and costumes of the Nile Valley was accompanied by a commentary by renowned Orientalist and Egyptologist James Augustus St. John.

After again traveling to North Africa, Prisse d'Avennes returned to France in 1860, bearing the fruits of his journeys—hundreds of folio drawings, photographs, sketches, plans and 400 meters of bas-reliefs. Fascinated by the symmetry, complexity, and opulence of Egyptian and Arabic art, he drew from this vast collection to create compilations of the finest examples of art and architecture, which also took into account historical, social, and religious contexts. In 1877, he published his outstanding survey on Islamic art and architecture, *Arab Art* (*L'Art arabe d'après les monuments du Kaire*, 1869–1877), in Paris. The three atlas volumes contain 200 plates—137 of them magnificent chromolithographs—mainly by Prisse d'Avennes.

Arab Art is an indispensable compendium on the development of Arabic art, portraying its splendor and diversity, and a work of supreme draftsmanship.





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Vanessa Friedman
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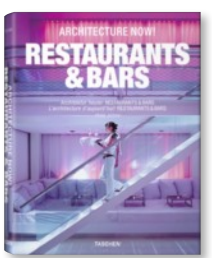


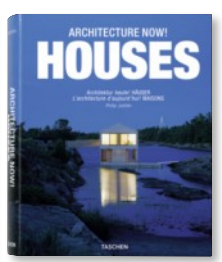
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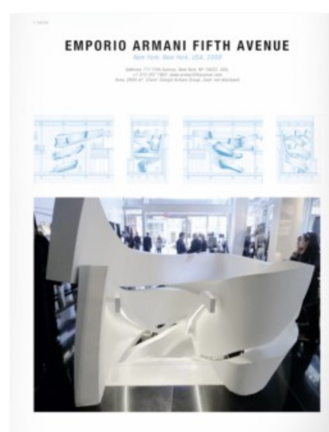














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Campaign, Dr. Martens Pop-Up Store, London

Kiss me, Kate

Mario Testino's tribute to his greatest muse



London, 2000
Photo © Mario Testino

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The unseen Kate: the most intimate photos of today's biggest international fashion icon by the fashion world's favorite photographer.



Kate Moss by Mario Testino
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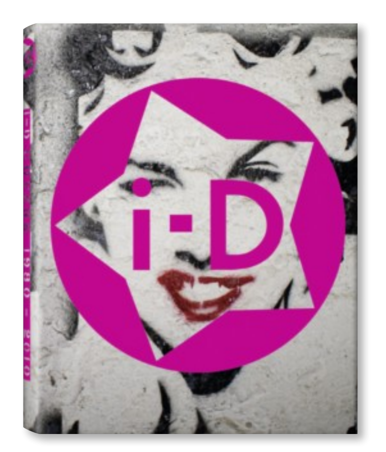
"The summer blockbuster of fashion books."

—*NYMag.com*, New York

Mario Testino is recognized as the ultimate fashion photographer of his generation, but his pictures of Kate Moss transcend fashion. Said Moss, "Mario took me to a new level of glamour. I don't think anybody had seen me as any kind of sexy model before he did. He was the one that transformed me."
This book is Mario's personal homage to his greatest muse: a young girl that captured his heart and eye with her beauty, humour and spirit, and whose image in his photographs has captured imaginations the world over.
It catalogues Mario and Kate's journey, from early days backstage at the shows to behind-the-scenes glimpses of the ground-breaking editorials they continue to produce for the world's most respected magazines. Many photographs have been chosen from Testino's private archive and are published here for the first time. The consequence of two decades of extraordinary friendship, and phenomenal glamour, this iconic collaboration is an intimate insight into the lives and minds of two of the world's definitive style leaders.

Eye on you

The complete covers from *i-D*, the seminal avant-garde fashion magazine



i-D Covers 1980–2010
Terry Jones (Ed.)
Edward Enninful, Richard Buckley
Hardcover, format: 23.8 x 30.5 cm
(9.4 x 12 in.), 320 pp.
€ 29.99 / $ 39.99 / £ 27.99

> "Style isn't what, but how you wear clothes. Fashion is the way you walk, talk, dance and prance. Through *i-D* ideas travel fast and free of the mainstream—so join us on the run."
>
> —*i-D* N°1, 1980, back cover quote









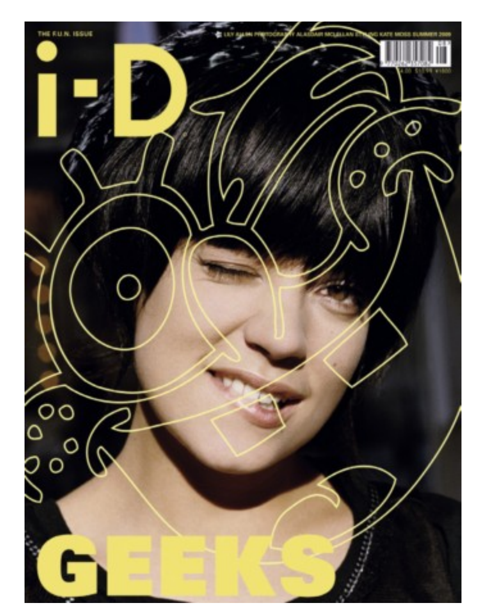


In celebration of 30 years at the forefront of international fashion and lifestyle publishing, this book, edited by Creative Director and *i-D* founder Terry Jones, features all of the iconic covers to date as well as the best stories behind the making of the images. In personal discussion with many of the creative talents he has worked with over the years, Terry Jones weaves his own personal web of diary, memories, and magic to give the reader an unforgettable look into a secret world before the digital age made everything accessible and public.
Taking us to the present day with Nick Knight's three latest covers (streamed instantly and shown online as he was photographing them), this book offers an incredible insight into a creative world that is changing under our eyes, but still has its heart and its creativity firmly rooted in its beginnings.

The winking smiley

Richard Buckley on the history of *i-D* Fashion Magazine

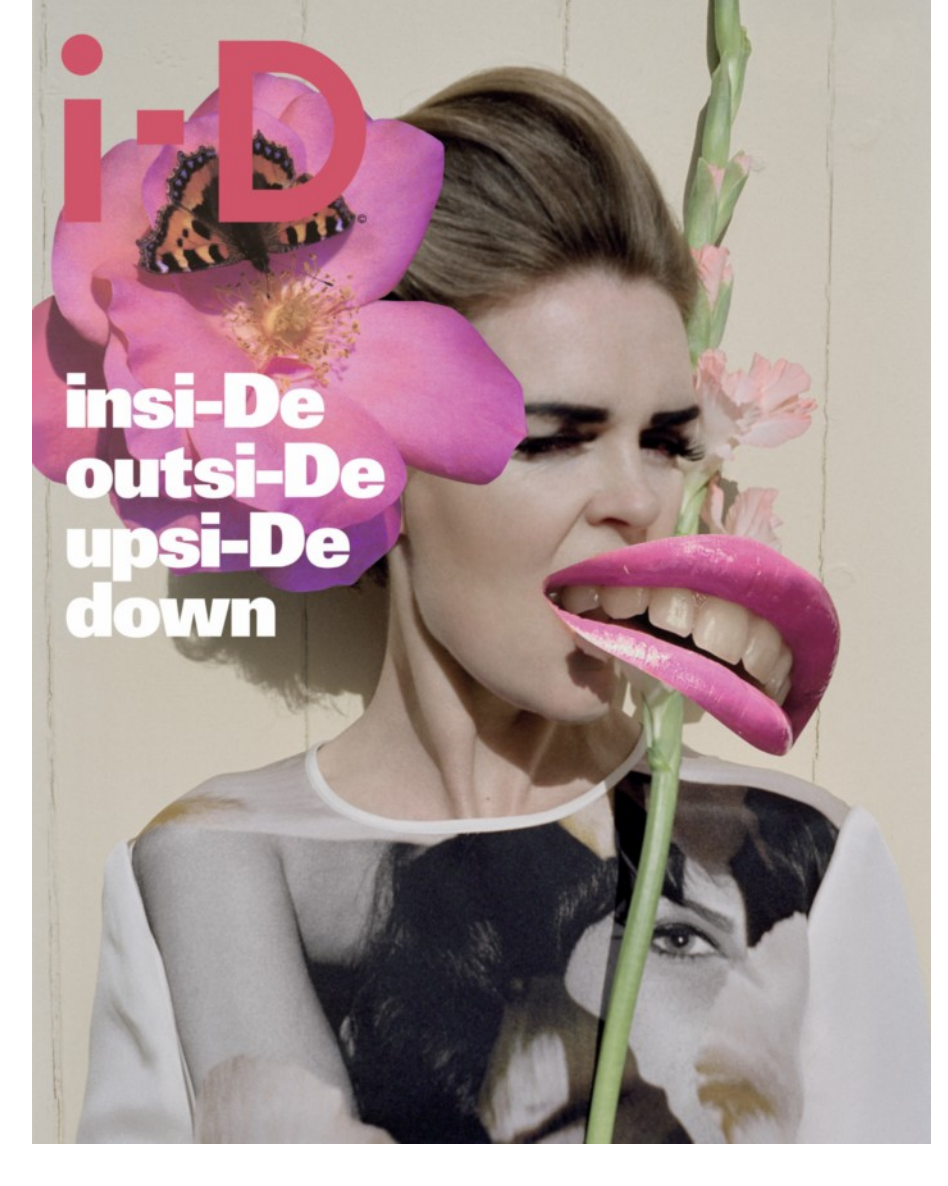
Finding a copy of *i-D* in its early years was not an easy task. You had to really search it out. I am not sure where I bought my first copy, but I do know it was the second issue.
I distinctly remember that graphic cover with the *i-D* logo inside a five-pointed star inside a circle. Since then, I have made it a point to buy every new issue. Writing the foreword to this book, it was interesting to discover just how much *i-D* has informed contemporary culture over the last three decades. Reviewing 30 years of *i-D* covers not only allowed me to relive my past, but to literally visualise how dramatically people, fashion, technology and pop culture have changed since that first issue was published in August 1980.
Terry Jones has been the driving force behind *i-D* throughout the past 30 years. He never takes credit for *i-D*'s success himself, but always emphasises that each copy of the magazine is the result of the collaborative efforts of a large creative team. That said, he has directly, or indirectly, launched the careers of dozens upon dozens of editors, art directors, photographers, writers and stylists, many of whom came to *i-D* because something they saw in the magazine resonated with who they wanted to become. These people shaped *i-D* and the magazine shaped them. Over the last three decades, *i-D* has been a launching pad for many photographers including Nick Knight, Juergen Teller, Craig McDean, Ellen von Unwerth and Wolfgang Tillmans. Madonna, Sade and Björk all had their first magazine covers on *i-D*, while model Kate Moss, who has appeared on the cover 11 times, has matured before our eyes over the last 16 years from a waif to a woman. Looking through 30 years of the magazine, there have been many surprises to rediscover: Mario Testino's first magazine cover in December 1984; David Bailey's portrait of young architect Sophie Hicks with gaffer tape over one eye; and Naomi Campbell's debut on the August 1986 cover, shot by Robert Erdmann with a fashion story inside by Sam Brown. Because of *i-D*'s strict budget constraints, Terry remembers that the film for Wolfgang Tillmans' fashion story in July 1992 was developed at a One Hour Lab.
I saw large-scale prints from that shoot a year or two later in an exhibition of new photographers at New York's Museum of Modern Art. The deeper you dig into *i-D*'s past,



the bigger the treasures you'll find.
The distance technology has evolved over the past 30 years is staggering, and it is easy to see the progress from the handmade graphics of *i-D*'s first cover to Nick Knight's recent work with 3-D scanning. In 1980 people didn't own computers. Many newspapers and magazines

> **"In the eighties, individual style was celebrated over branding and marketing, and there were no smug 'fashionistas'."**

were still being typeset. The first issues of *i-D* were published by offset printing, a technique that would reproduce—with varying degrees of quality—original artwork onto A4 paper. Photocopy machines easily do the same thing now, but in 1980 those were few and far between, not to mention expensive, and it would have been next to impossible to find a colour copier then. The lo-fi techniques used to create the magazine's homemade look were, in fact, done by hand.
Street fashion today consists of celebrities, papped on the red carpet or shopping. Fashion is so co-opted now there are even ads that urge consumers to 'celebrate originality', which is another way of saying, 'buy me'. If everyone's hip, then what's cool?
Despite all these changes in people, fashion and culture, *i-D* has remained faithful to its initial purpose, which Terry Jones said was to give an "alternative voice to new ideas and people with innovative views". While I am definitely older since the magazine's launch 30 years ago, *i-D* only grows younger with each new issue.



Left: The Insi-De Outsi-De Issue, No. 303, Fall 2009.
Photo: Tim Walker

Above: The F.U.N. Issue; No. 301, August 2009.
Photo: Alasdair McLellan

Who got a 'Black Pencil'?

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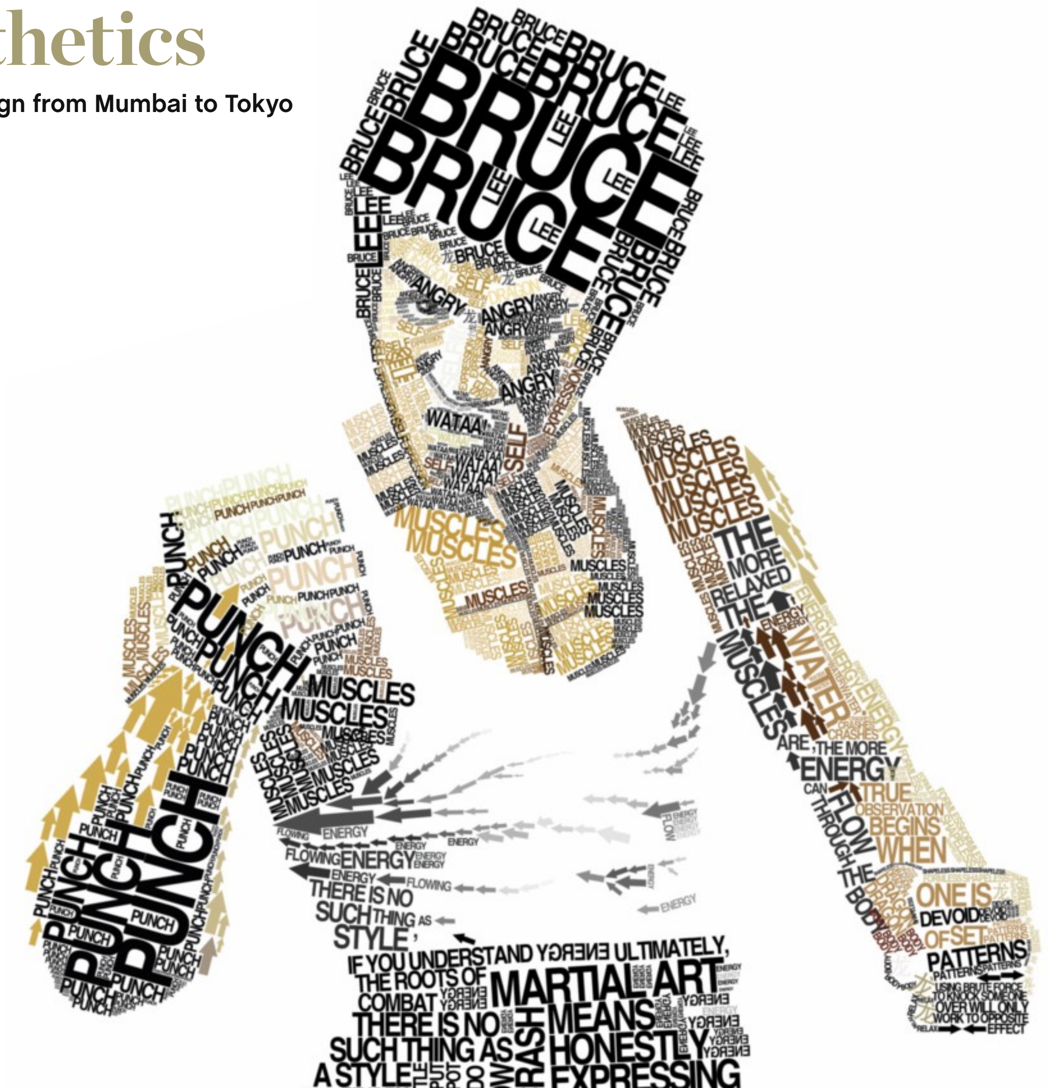
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Architecture must burn

Open-minded designs and undefined spaces of radical architecture



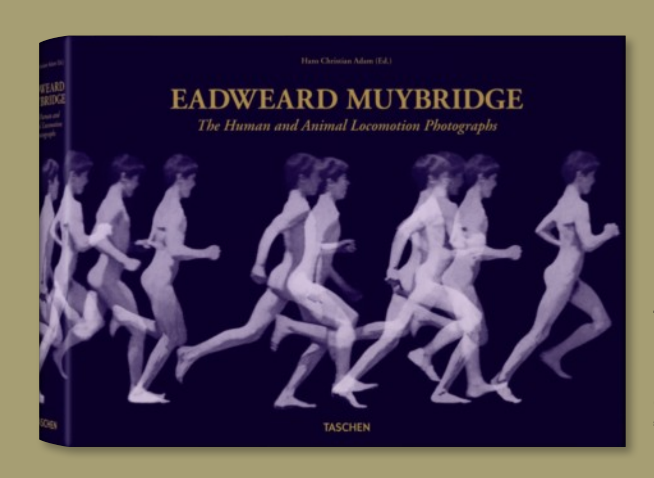
Coop Himmelb(l)au
Complete Works 1968–2010
Peter Gössel (Ed.), Michael Mönninger
Hardcover, format: 30.8 x 39 cm
(12.1 x 15.4 in.), 500 pp.
€ 99.99 / $ 150 / £ 99.99

Mini Opera Pavilion, Munich, Germany, 2008–2010
Photo © Duccio Malagamba

"Coop Himmelb(l)au is not a color but an idea of creating architecture with fantasy, as buoyant and variable as clouds." So the architecture group itself defines its name and design concept. Beginning with inflated bubbles and interactive installations in the 1960s, the group, consisting of the architects Wolf D. Prix, Helmut Swiczinsky, and Michael Holzer began to create harsh interventions in the urban context under the headline "architecture must burn." The designs of the buildings are like oversized sound boxes, with dancing silhouettes and collapsing lines that are always rushing and echoing. As one of only a few groups in those early times, they are among the leading international architecture offices today, justified by their outstanding expressiveness and professionalism.
Coop Himmelb(l)au's most well-known projects include the Groningen Museum, East Pavilion, in Groningen, Netherlands, (1994), the BMW Welt in Munich, Germany (2007), and the Akron Art Museum in Ohio, USA (2007). Current projects include the Musée des Confluences in Lyon, France, the House of Music in Aalborg, Denmark, the European Central Bank's new headquarters in Frankfurt am Main, Germany, and the Dalian International Conference Center in China.

Life in motion

The forerunner of the moving image



The life and work of the man who, to win a bet, proved for the first time that a galloping horse lifts all four hooves off of the ground for a split second

Eadweard Muybridge
The Human and Animal Locomotion Photographs
Hans Christian Adam (Ed.)
Hardcover, format: 33.2 x 24.3 cm (13.1 x 9.6 in.), 804 pp.
€ 49.99 / $ 69.99 / £ 44.99

English photographer Eadweard Muybridge was a pioneer in visual studies of human and animal locomotion. In 1872, he famously helped settle a bet for former California governor Leland Stanford by photographing a galloping horse. Muybridge invented a complex system of electric shutter releases that captured freeze frames—proving conclusively, for the first time, that a galloping horse lifts all four hooves off the ground for a fraction of a second. For the next three decades, Muybridge continued his quest to fully catalog many aspects of human and animal movement, shooting hundreds of horses and other animals, and of nude or draped subjects engaged in various activities such as running, walking, boxing, fencing, and descending a staircase (the latter study inspired Marcel Duchamp's famous 1912 painting).

This resplendent book traces the life and work of Muybridge, from his early thinking about anatomy and movement to his latest photographic experiments. The complete 781 plates of Muybridge's groundbreaking *Animal Locomotion* (1887) are reproduced here. In addition, Muybridge's handmade and extremely rare first illustrated album, *The Attitudes of Animals in Motion* (1881) is reproduced in its entirety. A detailed chronology by British researcher Stephen Herbert throws new light on one of the most important pioneers of photography.



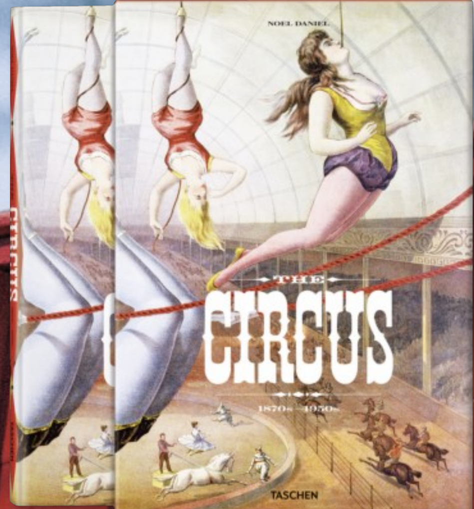


Below: Jumping over boy's back (leap-frog), detail of plate 168

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The Circus 1870s–1950s
Noel Daniel (Ed.)
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Previously unpublished photograph by Stanley Kubrick for *Look* magazine, taken on the back lot of Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey, 1948. Photo © The Library of Congress, Washington DC.

During its heyday, the American circus was the largest show-biz industry the world had ever seen. From the mid-1800s to mid-1900s, traveling American circuses performed for audiences of up to 14,000 per show and criss-crossed the country on 20,000 miles of railroad in one season alone. The spectacle of death-defying daredevils and strapping super-heroes gripped the American imagination, outshining theater, comedy, and minstrel shows of the day, and ultimately paving the way for film and television. The circus offered young Americans the dream of adventure and reinvention.

This book brings to life the grit and glamour of the circus phenomenon. Images include photographic gems by early circus photographers Frederick Whitman Glasier and Edward Kelty, many of the earliest color photographs ever taken of the circus from the 1940s and 1950s, iconic circus photographs by Mathew Brady or Cornell Capa, and little-known circus images by Stanley Kubrick and Charles and Ray Eames. For the first time, contemporary readers can experience the legend of the American circus in all its glory.

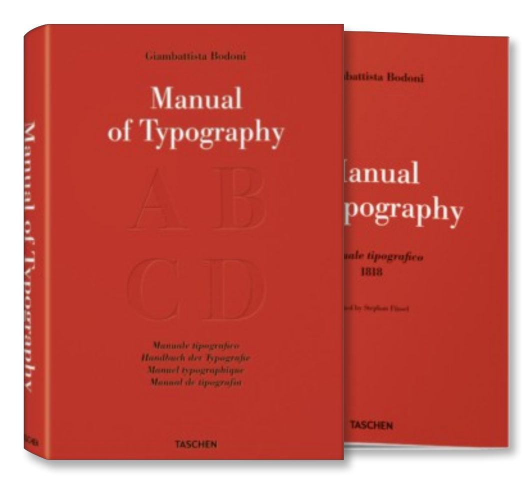


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Opposite: "Majuscole", Majuscules













Celebrated printer and type designer Giambattista Bodoni set the standard for printing the alphabet with his *Manuale tipografico* (1818). The two-volume set—published posthumously in a limited edition of 250—features 142 sets of roman and italic typefaces, a wide selection of borders, ornaments, symbols, and flowers, as well as Greek, Hebrew, Russian, Arabic, Phoenician, Armenian, Coptic, and Tibetan alphabets.

Official printer for the Duke of Parma, Bodoni (1740–1813) declared that well-designed type derived its beauty from four principles: uniformity of design, sharpness and neatness, good taste, and charm. His typefaces display an unprecedented degree of technical refinement, and epitomize purity and grace. The culmination of more than four decades of work, the *Manuale tipografico* represents one of history's greatest typographical achievements.

The Bodoni typeface is still widely used even today, both in digital media and in print, and TASCHEN's meticulous reprint of Bodoni's masterwork gives readers a rare opportunity to explore the origins of the Bodoni typeface and learn about its creator.


MAJUSCOLE
25
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The last of the Mohicans: A new series of portraits of the world's most imperishable booksellers

Fred Bass of the Strand, New York's El Dorado for bookworms

By Dian Hanson



The Strand Bookstore is one of New York City's most beloved landmarks. At a time of declining literacy and uncertain economy, when small bookstores are going broke and even corporate giant Barnes and Noble is up for sale, the Strand continues to thrive. Most of this success is due to Fred Bass, who took over the store from his father, Ben, in 1956 and expanded it from 2,000 square feet to its current 55,000—18 miles of new and used books. Fred's daughter Nancy is now the official storeowner, bringing the Strand into a third generation, but Fred remains the book buyer, keeping the fun for himself.

Dian Hanson: Unfortunately, the whole world has not yet been able to visit the Strand. Can you describe your store?
FRED BASS: The Strand is—oh, gosh, I don't want to use the word—a *large* bookstore. We occupy five floors and probably 55,000 square feet, of which 40,000 is open to the public. We are essentially a second-hand antiquary of rare books, but in the last number of years one of our major features has been art books, and TASCHEN art books have always done magnificently for us. Now we devote a whole landing exclusively to TASCHEN books, which is the entrance to our Art Department.

DH: That's it, Fred, get right to the hype. But first, your father started the store on New York's Book Row in 1927. What was that neighborhood like?
FB: It was 48 bookstores that ran along Fourth Avenue from 14th Street down to Astor Place. They were all old antiquarian bookstores. Many of them overlapped in what they had, and some of them specialized, but it was just a wild group of very strong individual booksellers, including my dad. He was on Fourth Avenue until 52 years ago.

DH: When you took over in 1956 and moved the store to its new location, the store grew. How did you turn this struggling business into such a big success?

> "That [1632 edition of Shakespeare] was sold. Somebody came in and took it. I think it was only $100,000. He got a bargain."

FB: Well, part of it was luck. Broadway was just a block away from Fourth Avenue, but there were *people* on Broadway. When we first opened up the Strand we only had a couple thousand square feet of the main floor, but I just kept buying material and expanding, stealing space from my landlord until I was able to buy the building.

DH: But at the same time you were building up a very valuable rare book department. How did you acquire these books?
FB: When you buy a collection of 500 books, five or six of them might be collectible rare books. We started a little department and it kept growing, then people started offering us collections of rare books by themselves.

DH: I read that you have a 1632 edition of Shakespeare going for $120,000.
FB: That was sold. Somebody came in and took it. I think it was only $100,000. He got a bargain. Then somebody came in and offered us a James Joyce *Ulysses* first edition. I really got excited about that. He was a lawyer, and he knew exactly what he wanted for it, which was pretty much above market value. I said, "We got to have it." And then I priced it very, very high because I didn't want to sell it. But eventually, the prices on that thing crept up and somebody walked in and wrote out a check for $35,000. I'm still unhappy about it.

DH: What are the books that you personally value most?
FB: The personal things that have been autographed to me. Saul Bellow used to come in the store and I have a lot of his things autographed. Vonnegut. Umberto Eco will come in and give me an autographed copy of something. I really don't try and bother these people; usually somebody else on my staff gets an autograph for me behind my back. [LAUGHS]

DH: Who are some of the other famous clients who've shopped the Strand?
FB: One of my best customers was Lee Strasberg. He was a real scholar, bought art books, philosophy, history. Surprisingly, enough, he didn't buy theater books. [LAUGHS] He gave me a copy of *At the Actors' Studio*, and he wrote in it something like, "I thank you for doing what you do," but after he wrote it, he said, "I really wanted to say, 'I'm glad you became a bookseller rather than an actor.'" [LAUGHS]
Andy Warhol used to come in quite often Jacqueline Onassis was in here a couple of times, buying fashion books. Kurt Vonnegut once told me, "Many years ago I went to England and I met this guy, Adams, who did *Watership Down*. I had to spend the afternoon with him and I found him rather obnoxious, but he autographed a copy of his book to me. I took it back home and I threw it into a box, which we sold to you, because I didn't think very much of it. And somebody just pointed out a dealer's catalog to me where the book is being sold for $3,000."
I had sold it, and god knows how many hands it went through before it got to that price.
And then Michael Jackson used to sneak in here in disguise. Somebody called from his office one time and said, "Michael Jackson would like to shop in the store, could you keep it open for him?" This was in 1994 and our store closed at 7:00, so it was a no-brainer.
The second time we got the call was in 2002, and our store closed at 10:30. This time he showed up with an entourage and a number of children. He let the children wander and pick

Top: Fred Bass and daughter Nancy Bass Wyden, current store owner, in the Strand bookstore.

Opposite: Charles Cushman, South Ferry, 1941. Courtesy Indiana University Archives



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"I'm glad you became a bookseller rather than an actor."

—Lee Strasberg to Fred Bass

anything they wanted. He spent at least an hour and a half and just asked to have one clerk stand by him to handle the books, and he was very nice and very polite. He bought a Spanish dictionary, some children's books, just books that struck him as he browsed. He was disappointed because he really wanted to be in the rare book room to look at early children's books and the night managers don't have the keys.
But the most famous person? Sophia Loren. After Lee Strasberg died I got a call from Ana Strasberg, who asked me for some books, saying, "They're for Sophia. We'll come down and get them." Ana Strasberg showed up and she says, "Now, I want you to give them to her yourself." She takes me out and pushes me into a car and I'm sitting next to Sophia Loren. She was absolutely gorgeous, and she says, "I just wanted to thank you for getting me the books that I needed and I wanted to apologize for not being able to come into the store, but we didn't have time and it would be a little problem." Because she'd be hounded.
That's my 15 seconds of fame, or glory.

DH: Glory, definitely. Most independent booksellers see the big chains like Barnes and Noble as the enemy today, is this true for you and the Strand?
FB: No. Leonard Riggio originally ran a small textbook store not too far from me, and what I heard was that Barnes and Noble, which was originally a textbook store on 18th Street and 5th Avenue (in New York), was put up for sale and he came along and bought it for $75,000 and built it to what it is now. The guy was a genius and he's done a superb job on it.
My story with Barnes and Nobles is that after they really started getting big, Riggio opened up a store five blocks south of me. We were quite worried, but our sales went up. Then he opened up another one on 6th Avenue and 21st Street, and our sales went up. Then he opened one of the largest in this chain on 17th Street and Union Square North, exactly five blocks away, and sales went up. So when I met with Riggio a couple years ago, I said, "Gee, would you open up another bookstore closer? I want to increase my sales." He laughed, and he wasn't surprised that my sales went up: my prices are better and I have a different mix.



"Somebody called from his office one time and said, 'Michael Jackson would like to shop in the store, could you keep it open for him?'"

DH: So, Fred Bass fearlessly faces the future, but let's look into the past. Much of America is currently obsessed with the TV show *Mad Men*, about a Madison Avenue advertising agency in the early 1960s. Does your memory of New York in this period match what we see of Don Draper and company?
FB: I lived in a town called Pelham then, and it was just filled with advertising executives. A guy by the name of Jay McNamara who was head of Young and Rubicam was a close friend of mine and he was as wild as Don. They worked hard, they played hard, and the drinking was very, very heavy. When I went out with them I would have two Manhattans before lunch and then have some wine *with* lunch. And, I got to tell you, the day went very fast. In fact, I feel like going out and having two Manhattans right now.
And yes, they had bars set up in their offices to entertain clients. And there was a very free flow of sex in those times. The pill (introduced in 1960) was responsible for a lot of it. Our town was a soap opera.

DH: And, of course, this was the time when Ralph Ginsberg came out with his controversial magazine *Eros*.
FB: Oh, yeah. There were publishing breakthroughs. Grove Press came into prominence and then it started to be 'anything goes'. The erotic material has always sold. When I was in

“Then [Barnes & Noble] opened one of the largest in this chain on 17th Street and Union Square North, exactly five blocks away, and sales went up.”
—Fred Bass



the Army I brought back a whole batch of copies of Miller’s *Tropic of Cancer* and *Tropic of Capricorn* and sold them at a nice profit. I was sorry I didn’t fill up footlockers with them, but that was illegal at the time. I was in Germany during the Korean War and I could pick those up in Paris.

DH: Men often come back from war with more sophisticated tastes. Was that the case with you?
FB: What I saw was the European booksellers, how the Europeans really loved their bookstores. In Germany, every small town had one or two or three bookstores. In England, too. I kept saying that there’s got to be a bigger demand for books in the U.S. I wanted to make the big bookstore that would carry everything.

DH: You even sell books by the foot. What sort of person buys books that way?
FB: At the beginning it was a dream for us; people would come in and say, “Oh, we just want to fill up shelves with books.” Now, we’re finding people who come in and say, “We would like some modern literature. We would like all the classics.” They don’t just want to fill up shelves; they want very good stuff.

DH: They’re not just looking for pretty bindings?
FB: Very often they want pretty bindings, but they want the pretty bindings to have substance.

Opposite: Anonymous, Filming *On the Town* with Gene Kelly and Frank Sinatra, 1949. MGM, courtesy of Photofest.

Above: Cornell Capa, Literary Cocktail Party at George Plimpton’s Upper East Side Apartment, 1963. © Estate of Cornell Capa / International Center of Photography / Magnum Photos.

Somebody will come into New York and take over an apartment that has built-in bookshelves, then suddenly realize they’re going to have a party on Saturday night and those shelves look barren. They’re very well educated, they just don’t have time, so we put together a collection for them of what they’re interested in.

“Why would you want to keep riding a horse when you have an automobile? But our rare books and fine editions, they will stay and do very well, as works of art.”

DH: And speaking of measurements, you brag about how many miles of books you have.
FB: Do you know the origin of the story? [Pulitzer Prize winning journalist] George F. Will used to come in here. One day [in the 1970s] he was looking around the store and he said to me, “Can I get a column out of this, on the Strand?” I showed him around and gave him all the stories I could, and then he said, “How many feet of books do you have?”
Texas Instruments had just come out with a hand-held adding machine and one of my clerks had gotten one. I grabbed him and I said, “Go around and count the sections, multiply by how many shelves, and multiply that by...”
And, he came out with a figure that was like, 35,000 feet, or seven and a half miles. George Will said, “Eight sounds better.”
At that time New York was in big, deep financial trouble, and Will wrote an article that started by saying “the eight miles worth saving in this city are at the corner of Broadway and 12th Street. They are the crammed shelves of the Strand bookstore.” Will’s syndicated article appeared in 80 papers throughout the country, and *8 Miles of Books* became our motto.
Then we did an expansion a couple years ago, and we changed it to 18 miles. It’s really something like 21 miles, but, again, 18 sounds better. And, of course, there’re also a lot of books in storage.

DH: And are those books cycled down onto the shelves when you get space?
FB: Oh, yeah. We’re constantly working on them. To keep this place smoothly operating, I have four or five thousand boxes of books from private collections that we bought and we just put aside, so if, for some reason, people stop selling me books, I’ll have at least a year’s supply of reserve.

DH: I don’t see that happening. I’ll bet the selling of books has increased in this economy.
FB: Yes. Tremendously.

DH: Are books currently a good investment?
FB: Here’s my advice to people who want to invest in books: buy what you like in the field you like so you can enjoy the book no matter what. A lot of my customers do buy heavily in rare books and they’re sitting on them. The prices are going up quite a bit, but if you have a first edition or something and you mark it for $500 and suddenly 20 other dealers have copies that they’re selling for $100, then your book isn’t worth $500. Still, good quality books will continue rising in value.

DH: So what’s the future of the Strand?
FB: I’m thinking of changing our store into a gentlemen’s club. Seriously, I’m getting a lot of calls asking me if I’m buying Barnes and Nobles out. I just say, “Well, I’m sorry I put them out of business.” You heard they’re up for sale.

DH: Shame on you, Fred, for putting poor Barnes and Noble out of business.
FB: But just imagine how many stores I can feature TASCHEN books in after I buy them out.

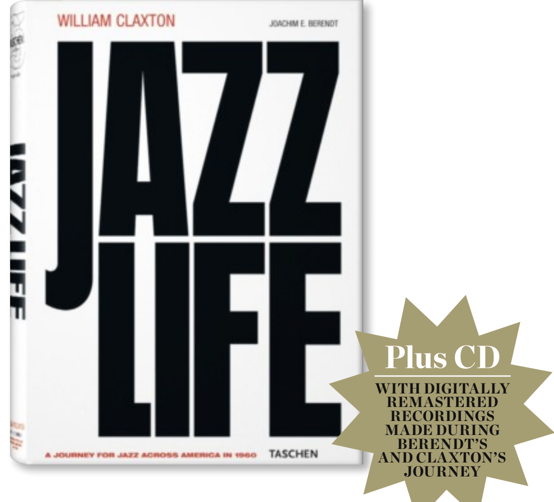




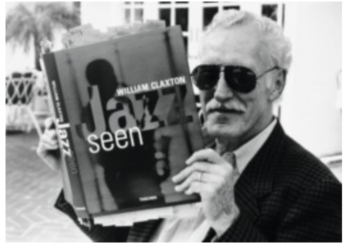
The Ramsey Lewis Trio
on Michigan Avenue, Chicago
Photo © William Claxton

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William Claxton, Hollywood, 1998
Photo © Benedikt Taschen

> "Surely the most thorough and imaginative visual record of American jazz at mid-century that we'll ever see."
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In 1960, photographer William Claxton and noted German musicologist Joachim Berendt traveled the United States hot on the trail of jazz music. The result of their collaboration was an amazing collection of photographs and recordings of legendary artists as well as unknown street musicians.

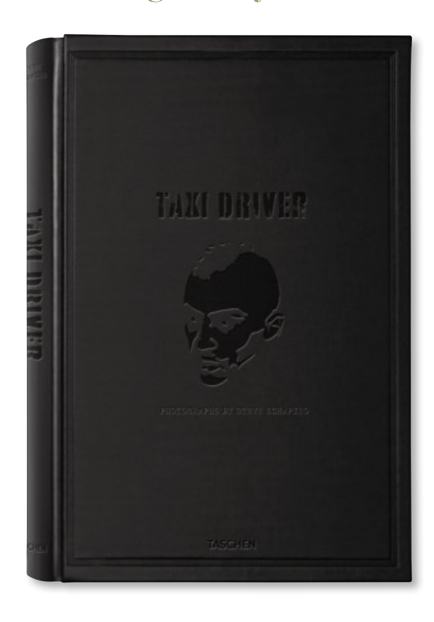
The book *Jazzlife*, the original fruit of their labors, has become a collector's item that is highly treasured among jazz and photography fans. In 2003, TASCHEN began reassembling this important collection of material— along with many never-before-seen color images from those trips. They are brought together in this updated volume, which includes a foreword by William Claxton tracing his travels with Berendt and his love affair with jazz music in general. Jazz fans will be delighted to be able to take a jazz-trip through time, seeing the music as Claxton and Berendt originally experienced it.

You talking to me?

Previously unseen photographs from Scorsese's masterpiece

Travis Bickle (Robert De Niro)
Photo © Steve Schapiro

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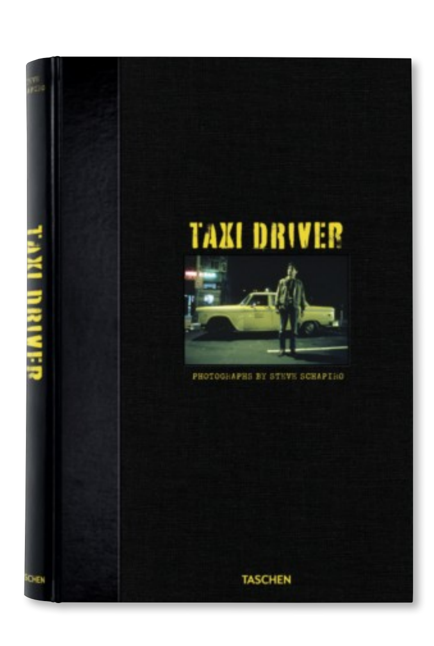
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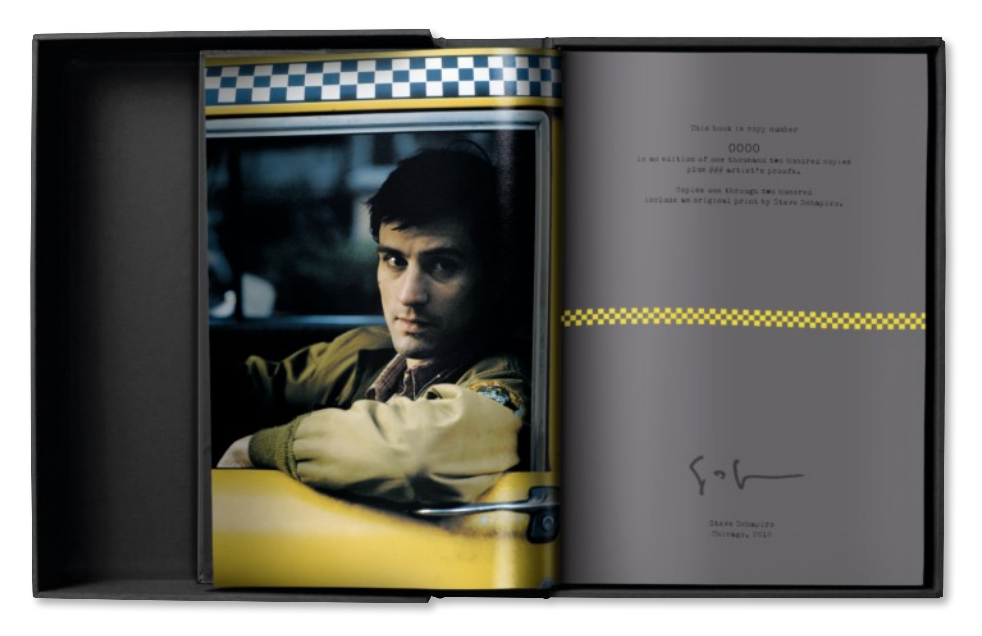
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Steve Schapiro. Taxi Driver
Paul Duncan (Ed.), Martin Scorsese (Foreword)
Hardcover in clamshell box,
format: 29 x 44 cm (11.4 x 17.3 in.), 328 pp.
€ 500 / $ 700 / £ 450





Taxi Driver has long been regarded as a cinematic milestone, and Robert DeNiro's portrait of a near-psychotic loner gunman is widely believed to be one of the greatest performances ever filmed. *Time* magazine includes the film in its list of 100 Greatest Movies, saying: "The power of Scorsese's filmmaking grows ever more punishing with the passage of time." Steve Schapiro—whose photographs were featured in TASCHEN's *Godfather Family Album*—was the special photographer on the set of *Taxi Driver*, capturing the film's iconic moments and actors behind the scenes. This book features hundreds of images selected from Schapiro's archives, offering fans a trip back in time to witness the making of Scorsese's masterpiece.

Foreword by Martin Scorsese!

Shooting *Taxi Driver*

By Martin Scorsese

This is the summer of 2010, and I'm in London shooting a movie. Thirty-five years ago, I was in New York shooting a very different kind of movie, during a very different era.

And it was a very different New York. The city is clean and becalmed now—a nice place to visit with your kids, do some shopping, see the sights. Thirty-five years ago, it wasn't. The city was in dire straits, right on the edge of bankruptcy, and severe cuts had been made in sanitation, police service, and the subways—in fact, the famous issue of the *Daily News* with the headline "Ford to City: Drop Dead" came out when we were editing. For many who lived in the five boroughs, it was a desperate time, and you could feel it out there, day and night. For us, everything in Paul Schrader's brilliant script—the loneliness, the paranoia, the feeling of barren, dirty streets filled with angry people—was magnified. New York had become a nightmare version of itself, and we lived and breathed it, walked and drove through it, let our story become infected and overwhelmed by it, just like Travis Bickle.

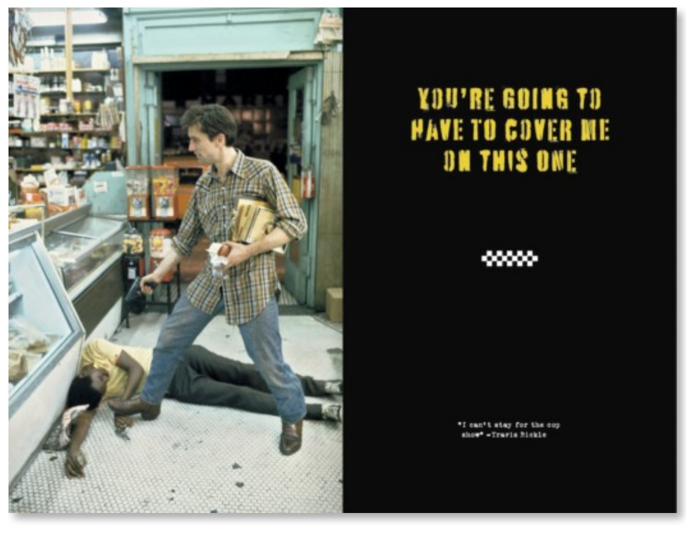
I made *Taxi Driver* with some old friends and collaborators—Robert De Niro, Harvey Keitel, Jodie Foster—and new ones like Schrader, Cybill Shepherd, Albert Brooks, and the DP, Michael Chapman. Thirty-five years later, New York has changed; we've all changed. And some of the people who made *Taxi Driver* possible are gone now. The great Bernard Herrmann, who passed away in his sleep hours after recording the final notes of our score ... Peter Boyle, a remarkable actor ... Julia Phillips, one of the producers ... Joe Spinell, who had only recently started to act in movies and who had himself gotten a hack license to make ends meet ... my old dear friend Vic Argo ... and Gene Palma, the strange street drummer with the slicked hair. Every last one of them was crucial, in one way or another, to the texture of this movie, a movie that none of the studios had wanted to touch.

I put everything of myself into *Taxi Driver*. Many of us did. We wouldn't have had it any other way.

> "The *Taxi Driver* screenplay seemed very close to me. It was as if I wrote it, that's how strongly I feel about it."
>
> —Martin Scorsese





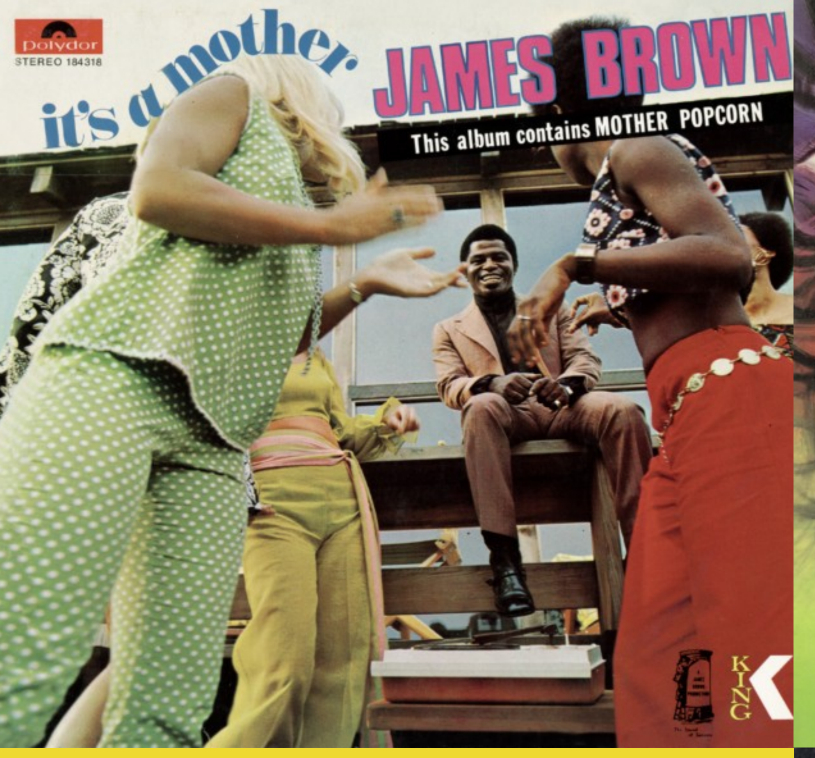


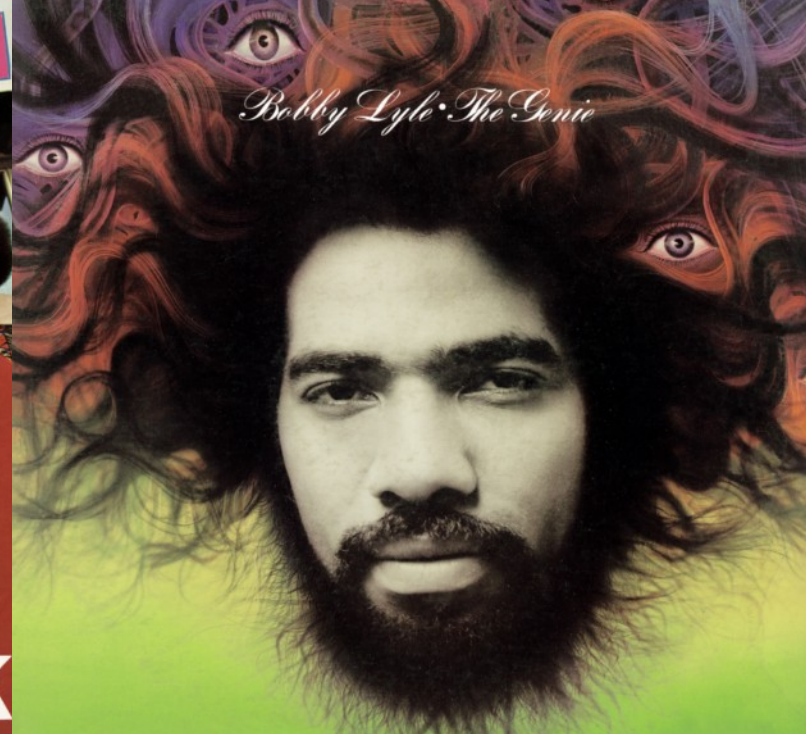






Iris (Jodie Foster)
and Travis (Robert De Niro)
Photo © Steve Schapiro





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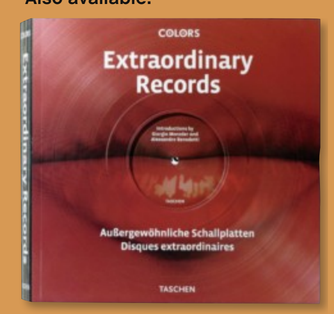
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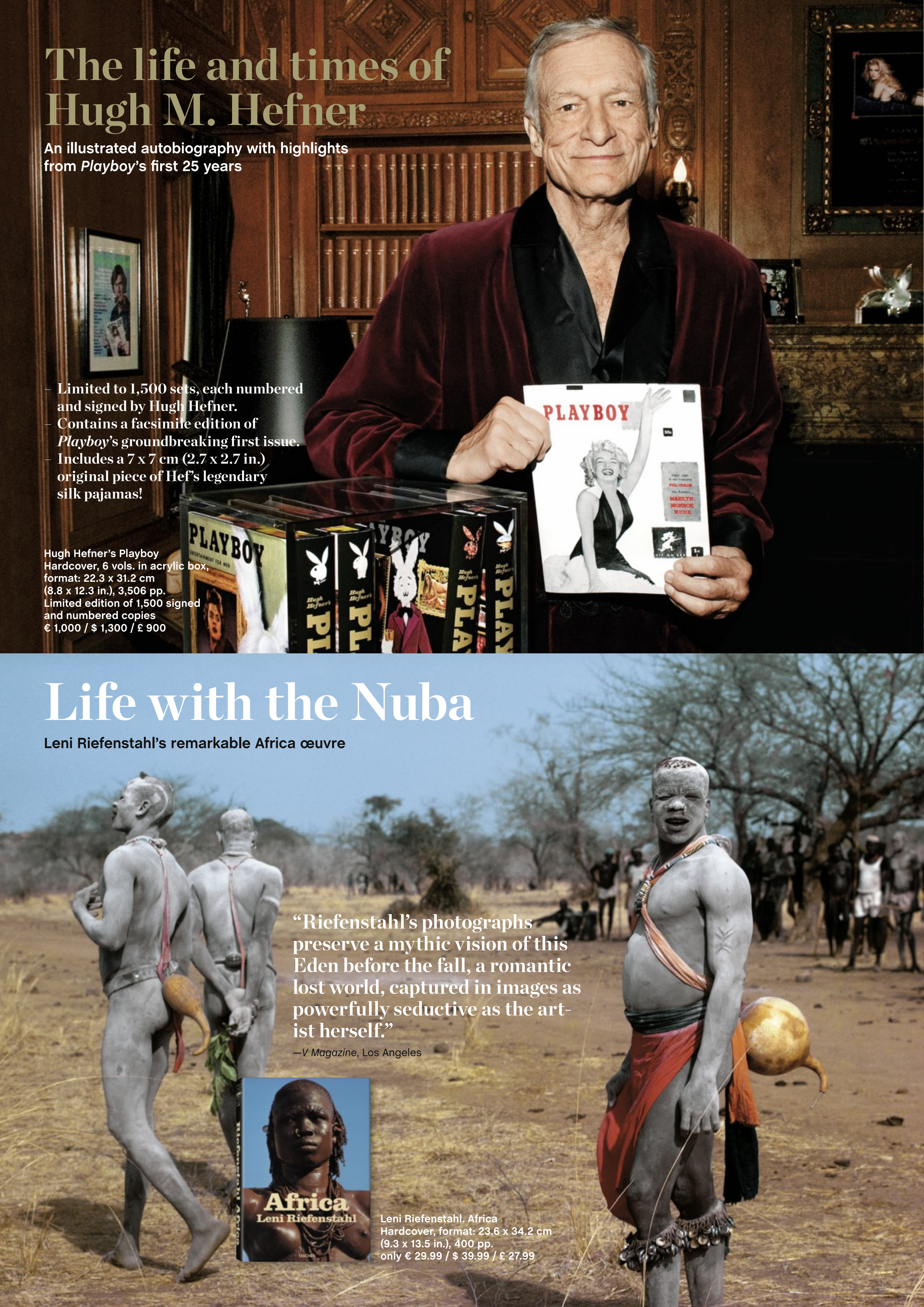


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A chat with the Rat

Brett Ratner by Dian Hanson



Brett Ratner is the happiest man alive, with very good reason. At age 41 he's directed eight Hollywood films, including the highly successful *Rush Hour* series, which have collectively grossed over one billion dollars. Russell Simmons is his surrogate father; Robert Evans, Peter Beard, and Roman Polanski are his best friends. He's dated actress Rebecca Gayheart, model Alina Puscau, and tennis champ Serena Williams. His Beverly Hills mansion was previously home to Ingrid Bergman, James Caan, Kim Novak, and Allen Carr, and currently contains a collection of TASCHEN books that rivals any of our stores. What's not to be happy?

Dian Hanson: So tell me how it all began.
Brett Ratner: I was born in Miami Beach on March 28, 1969, and I wanted to be a director since I was 8 years old. I dreamed of going to NYU Film School, 'cause I saw the movie *Raging Bull*. That's what 10-year-olds were watching. It was a very violent movie, but I just loved the artistry of it.
I was an only child and lived in one house with my mom, my grandparents, and my great-grandmother. I didn't have a father around, but I had my grandfather, and I had this guy named Al Malnik [Miami lawyer, entrepreneur, and restaurateur], who was an incredible role model and father figure. My friends now are still father figures, all in their 60s, 70s and 80s: Bob Evans, Steve Winn, James Toback. Also guys known for having a great time in Hollywood, really enjoying their lives, like I do.
I cannot remember ever being sad; I consider myself kind of pathologically happy. And I've never had a drink, never had a drug, never had a cigarette, never had a coffee. Every day I just thought about being a director.

DH: So is this eternal boyishness the reason you were such good friends with Michael Jackson?
BR: Yeah, we loved having fun. We were always playing practical jokes on people, but the thing that connected us was really movies and music. We would watch *Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory* over and over again.
But he would also do something like wake me up in the middle of the night and go, "Meet me in the car." He had this little Asian driver he called Kato who wore a chauffeur's hat and a tuxedo. We once drove to a 7-Eleven in Santa Barbara at 4 in the morning. And Michael says, "Meet me in the bathroom." I go, "Michael, 4 in the morning in a 7-Eleven bathroom? We're going to have a problem here." He puts an Incredible Hulk mask on top of his head and goes in there with balloons, and we start filling up water balloons. I say, "What are we doing with these?" He goes, "We're going to throw them at people."
So we're driving in his stretched Lincoln Navigator, and he's in a Hulk mask sticking out of the sunroof, looking for people at 4 in the morning in Santa Barbara. [Laughs] There are no people even in LA after 2 in the morning, but we found a guy, a drifter, and he says, "Kato, hit the brakes."
Now imagine a sad drifter guy walking down the street, and all of a sudden a stretched Lincoln Navigator slams on its brakes, and out of the sunroof pops the Incredible Hulk, and he's going to throw something at you. You couldn't believe the guy's face. Michael starts throwing water balloons and the guy is running for his life. I said, "Michael, you don't think the cops are going to know? You're the only guy with a fucking 80-foot stretched Lincoln Navigator. What if this guy goes to the police and says "The Incredible Hulk was throwing water balloons at me from a ... " [Ratner is laughing too hard to continue] So that's the type of shit that we would do.

DH: We're starting to see why you're the happiest man on earth. Is there anything that you've ever wanted that you've not been able to get?
BR: Of course, but I persevere. I wanted to be a director for the right reasons: I love to tell stories. It wasn't about having a huge house, or getting rich, or having nice cars. But the friends that I've been able to make are a bigger accomplishment for me than all the things that I've done. That I became friends with Michael Jackson, that Roman Polanski is one of my closest friends, Bob Evans, a relationship with Helmut Newton.

DH: Do you collect Helmut Newton's work?
BR: I have a lot of Helmuts. The first time I ever saw Helmut's work was in Bob Evans's house. It was all over the walls. I started buying all his books, then I became friendly with Helmut, and he started giving me his books and signing them to me. I met Benedikt when TASCHEN put out the big book. I bought—I can't remember—maybe 10 of them. I've given most of them away, stupidly enough, 'cause now they're like 15 grand apiece.

DH: Why do you buy TASCHEN books in quantity?
BR: Well, I'm a collector, but I'm also a big, generous guy. I give a lot of gifts. I gave Jackie Chan a *Sumo* book. I was trying to hook up Jackie with Benedikt, so I gave him this book. Months go by, and I get something in the mail from Jackie Chan, a piece of metal. Jackie calls me up and says, "Did you get my package?" I said, "Yeah, what is it?" He says, "If you guess, I will give you a blowjob." And he hangs up.
I cannot figure it out. Weeks go by. I have 12 people in my house looking at this thing and they have no idea what it is.
Finally Jackie comes to town, comes straight to my house, grabs the piece of metal, goes downstairs to the *Sumo* book, takes this piece of metal, and it slides perfectly into the stand. Like a lip. He says, "This stand has a flaw. The book is so heavy that the cover of the book droops." He had a lip made to stop the book from drooping. So, of course, I have the Araki book on a stand, the *Sumo* book, and the LaChapelle book in this gallery area, and the next time Jackie came back, he brought me lips he had made for all of them.
I have the Ali book in the gallery too, and then the rest spread throughout my house. I have every book from TASCHEN. It's insane. I had David LaChapelle come to my house and go through every page of his book and explain to me how he did each picture. And he wrote on the intro, "No one has ever made me go through this entire book." I had Courtney Love there with me, so she was keeping him distracted. The Peter Beard book is my all-time favorite, because Peter's also a friend of mine.
I was in a club when I was 17 years old and Peter Beard sat next to me. He said, "So what do you do?" I said, "I'm a film director." He goes, "What do you mean you're a film director? You're 12 years old." [Laughs] I was at NYU Film School. He goes, "Do you have a film camera? Bring it to this address tomorrow. I'm a photographer." I didn't know what to expect so I only had six rolls



> **“I met Benedikt when TASCHEN put out *SUMO*. I bought—I can’t remember—maybe 10 of them. I’ve given most of them away, stupidly enough, ’cause now they’re like 15 grand apiece.”**
>
> —Brett Ratner

of film, ’cause film cost money, and I didn’t have any money.

I get there and there are 30 supermodels, half naked, with Grace Jones in bondage, with all his diaries spread out all over the floor, buckets of blood, piles of coke, and Rolling Stones music blasting. This lasted for three days. I didn’t go to school, and I didn’t have money, and I didn’t want to ask him for money, so I kept putting the film through the camera. I put it through the camera three times, so it has superimposed images. Later I cut the footage together into a three-minute short. I sent it to Mick Jagger, and he says, “This is the best film I’ve ever seen,” ’cause I put *Some Girls* on it, the song that [Beard] kept playing over and over again. Mick Jagger gave me the song for free. I think you should take that short film and put it in the catalogue. Nobody has ever seen this, ’cause it’s never been commercially released. It’s the best thing I’ve ever done. *To see Brett’s homage to Peter Beard go to: www.taschen.com/ratner*



Opposite above: 18 year old Brett, NYU film student

Opposite below: A trio of TASCHEN books in Brett Ratner’s home, the Araki and LaChapelle on custom stands made to match his SUMO’s

Above: Covergirl Alexis Texas, Brett Ratner, and editor Dian Hanson at The Big Butt Book launch, TASCHEN Beverly Hills

Right: Brett Ratner, Chris Tucker, and Roman Polanski examine TASCHEN’s Roman Polanski on the set of *The Ghost Writer*

DH: You’re the man, Brett! But you mentioned Roman Polanski a ways back. Do you support him in his ongoing legal trouble?

BR: Roman is a survivor. He lost his family in the Holocaust. His wife was murdered with a child in her belly. I respect him as an artist, and I don’t judge people. I can’t get on record defending what he did, but he’s one of the greatest living filmmakers, and he continues to do great work. *The Ghost Writer* was an amazing movie. There’s a picture of him and me sitting on the set reading the TASCHEN Polanski book.

When I met Roman and he told me how much he loved *Rush Hour*, I didn’t care who liked my movies anymore, and I put him in *Rush Hour 3*. The irony is that I asked Roman about *Chinatown*, which is considered probably the greatest film every made, right? I said, “What part of that film is personal?” And he says, “Brett, I was broke. I needed a job.” People put so much superficial importance on this stuff. It turned out to be a masterpiece, but no one was setting out to make the greatest movie ever made, and that’s why it’s so good. A lot of people out there think that because they’re a film director they’re God incarnate. I just love being a storyteller, whether it’s with a photograph, a commercial, a music video, a short film, a feature film; that’s what I do. I’m not trying to win an Oscar; I’m trying to enjoy my life and stay relevant.

DH: So much for film, let’s talk about your collections.

BR: I’m just a fan. A fan of art, and a fan of Benedikt. I love people who are great at what they do and put such passion and commitment into something. He’s a risk-taker, and a raconteur, right? He loves life. He loves entertainment. He has such individuality, down to the art on the walls in his bedroom with the big cocks. I’m a big collector, too. I wish when I was offered Basquiats and Warhols when I was a kid I had had the money to buy them.

I only buy things that I love. That’s why my home is so personal to me. There’s not one thing that I’ve bought without a story. There’s a story behind every single ashtray, every single frame.

DH: Is it true Helmut Newton inspired you to take your own photos?

BR: Yes, totally. I love taking pictures, and Newton had an interesting view of the rich—that sophisticated, wealthy lifestyle. I remember June telling me that she asked Helmut, “Do you think you’re a genius?” And he said, “No, I just have a certain twisted gift.”

I’m just fascinated by artists, like Araki. I own all his Polaroids. OK, not all of them, but I was in Japan 15 years ago, and I went into a gallery, and he was there putting up all these Polaroids. I said, “How much for that?” He goes, “It’s not really for sale.” I bought them all right off the wall, 200, and I made him sign as many as he could until I had to get on a plane.

People who really know me know that I’m that guy that loves art and photography, but most people just think I love women. My dream is to one day have a TASCHEN book on me, in the directors series. It’s going to be another 30, 40 years, but I think it will come out one day.

DH: Which brings me to my last question: When are you going to settle down, stop showing up in the gossip columns, and give your mom some grandchildren?

BR: That’s the irony: I love kids. I’ve made movies. I’ve met the most interesting people in the world. The one thing that I haven’t done is gotten married. I’m looking forward to having a family and settling down, but I’m not really looking, because I need to be taken care of still. [Laughs] You know?



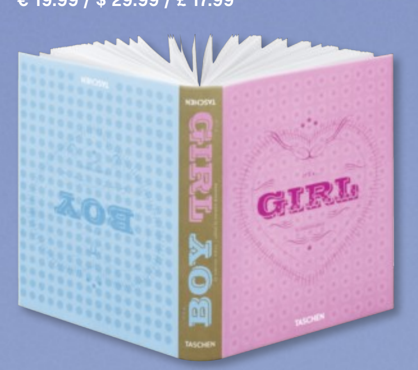
DH: The eternal happy boy.

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Know your type

A visual history of fonts and graphic styles











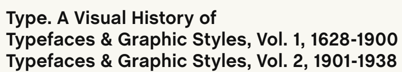


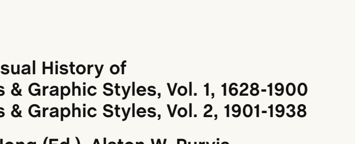






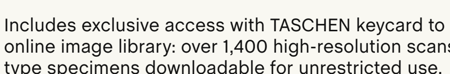






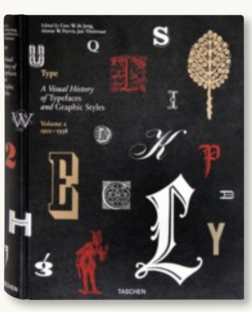
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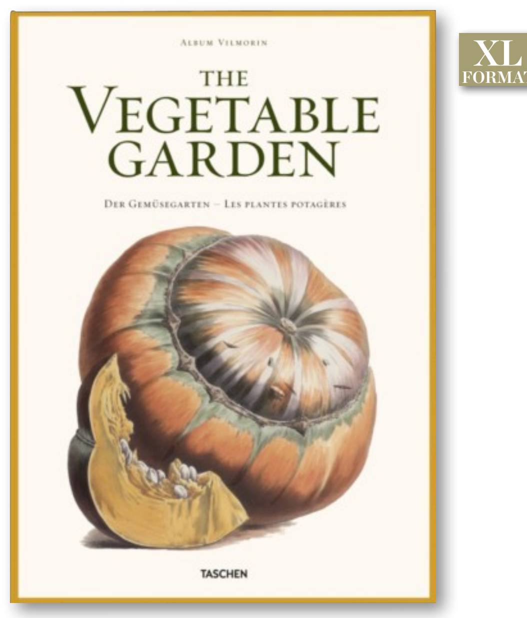
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Opposite: Chard, garden onion, turnip and salsify (plate 13, 1862)



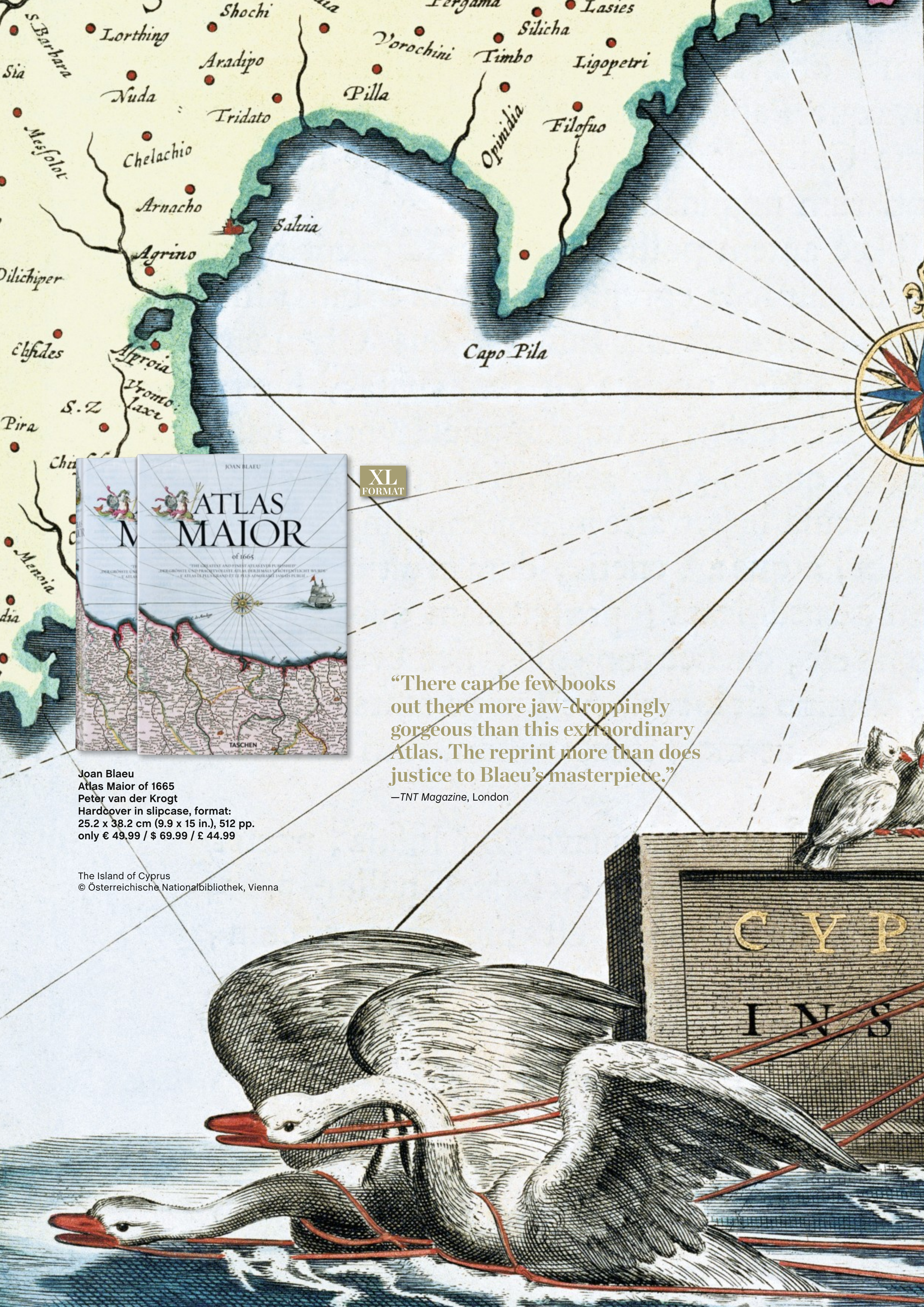




The French company Vilmorin-Andrieux & Cie arose in the 18th century from the collaboration of Philippe Victoire de Vilmorin—a grain and plant merchant and connoisseur—and his father-in-law, Pierre Andrieux, Botanist to the King. The Vilmorins, though only producers and merchants on the Paris market, contributed enormously to the botanical and agronomic knowledge of their time. Their first catalogue, comprising all kinds of seeds for kitchen-garden vegetables—including legumes, salad plants, flower seeds and bulbs—appeared in 1766. It was followed by a series of *Publications périodiques* in which the quality of the botanical and horticultural information was equaled only by the illustrations. By the mid-19th century, the firm had become the most important seed company in the world—active in production, trade, and scientific advances, thanks largely to Louis de Vilmorin's crucial research into selection and heredity in the 1850s.

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Album Vilmorin.
N° 13.
1862.
1. Swiss Chard large ribbed white silver.
2. ________ large ribbed scarlet Brazilian.
3. Swiss Chard large ribbed yellow Brazilian.
4. Onion Globe.
5. Turnip Skirving's Swedish.
6. Salsafy or Vegetable Oyster.
VILMORIN ANDRIEUX & C°
M.ds Grainiers
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PARIS
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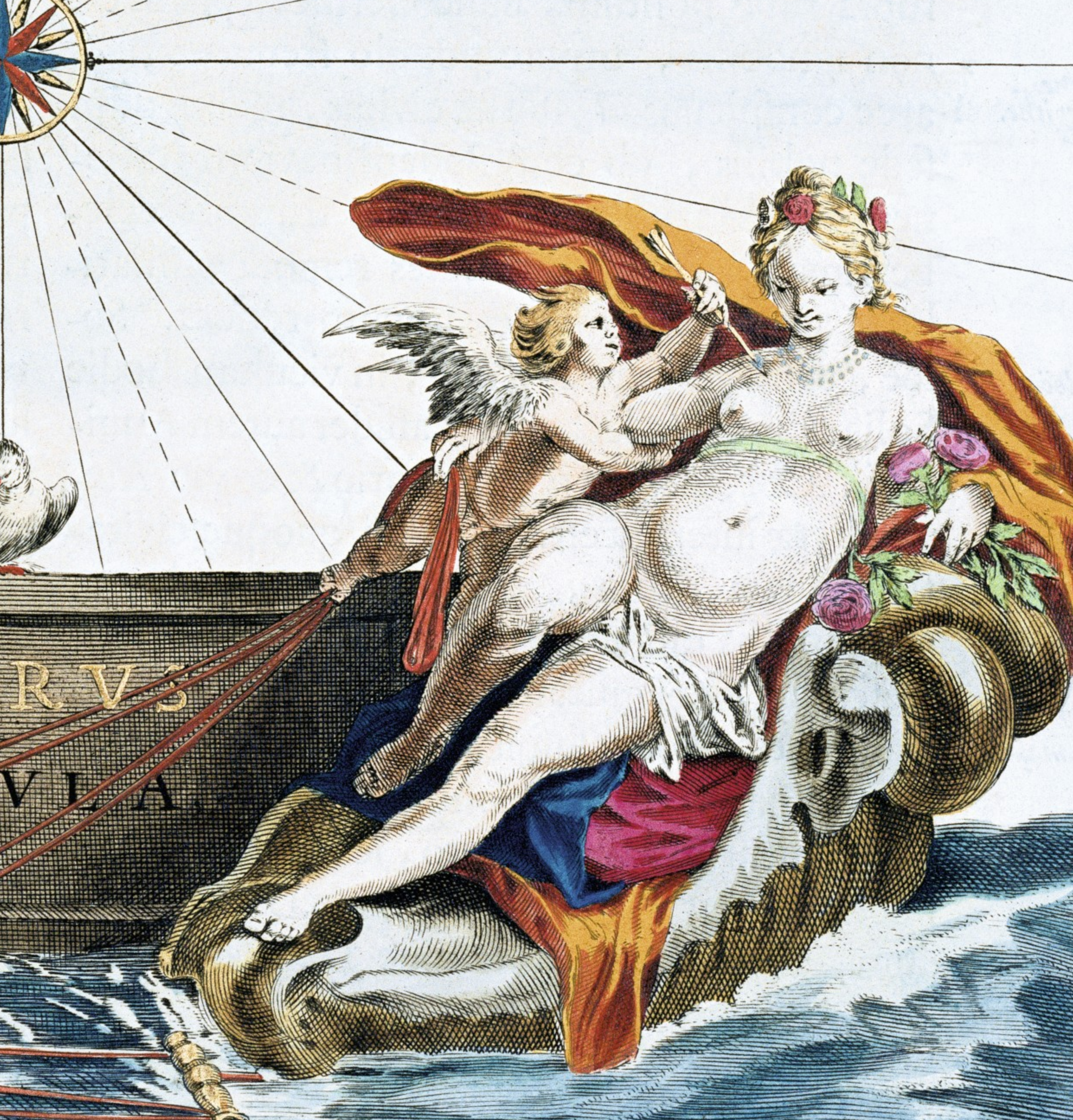
The Island of Cyprus

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Chilling out around the world

Our guide to the choicest destinations



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Angelika Taschen (Ed.)
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Maia Spa at the Maia Luxury Resort, Seychelles
Photo: supplied by the hotel

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6



1, 2, 4 and 5. Launch Party for *Los Angeles. Portrait of a City* at Crossroads of the World, Hollywood, 2009: Tom LaBonge, Jim Heimann, Diane Keaton, Linda Dishman, Benedikt Taschen (1). Peggy Moffitt, David LaChapelle, Crystal Harris and Hugh M. Hefner (4). Mitch Glazer and Kelly Lynch (5).
3. Alison Castle, Christiane Kubrick and Jan Harlan at the Napoleon/Kubrick Launch, Paris, 2009.
6. Terry Richardson and Benedikt Taschen, NYC, 2010. Photo © Terry Richardson
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